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QUARTER MILLENNIAL

CELEBRATION

OF

SANDWICH & BOURNE,

1639 - 1889.

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FROM

The President's Office

5 Dec. 1893.

Pres't Charles W. Eliot
Monument Beach P.O. Dec 7. 90.
From N.H.C.

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

CELEBRATION

—OF—

SANDWICH AND BOURNE

—AT—

SANDWICH, MASSACHUSETTS,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1889

BY

AMBROSE E. PRATT

STAFF CORRESPONDENT ASSOCIATED PRESS AND BOSTON GLOBE.

OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS

FALMOUTH, MASS.:
LOCAL PUBLISHING AND PRINTING COMPANY.
1890.

~~10325.1~~
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5 Dec. 1893
President's Office.

PREFACE.

This memorial volume has been compiled in obedience to a vote of the Executive Committee of the Quarter Millenial Celebration of the towns of Sandwich and Bourne, at a meeting held October 5, 1889.

I regret very much that the work was not completed earlier. Had I known at the time of the celebration, that the responsibility of compiling these proceedings, was to devolve upon me, a stenographer would have been present and reported the exercises verbatim, thus enabling me to have presented the book to you some months ago. Much time has been consumed in getting the material together. It was late in March before a greater portion of the manuscript reached me, and other unavoidable delays prevented me from issuing the volume sooner.

The account of the proceedings contained herein is authentic in every particular, and it has been my purpose to present all the details of this most successful celebration in a manner which will not only be interesting, but valuable to all Sandwich folk, in years to come, wherever they may reside, and I trust the volume will meet with their approval.

AMBROSE E. PRATT.

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PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

At the annual Town Meeting, held on April 2, 1887, it was

VOTED: That a committee of five be appointed by the Moderator, (Hon. Charles Dillingham) to take into consideration the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the town of Sandwich, and to report at the next annual meeting.

The following gentlemen constituted that committee:— I. T. Jones, H. G. O. Ellis, E. S. Whittemore, Dr. J. E. Pratt, George T. McLaughlin. It was also

VOTED: That the above committee be instructed to secure such special legislation as may be required to enable the town to legally appropriate money for the celebration.

At the annual meeting, held in March, 1888, a committee of five, consisting of James Shevlin, Philip H. Robinson, H. H. Heald, F. S. Pope and Samuel Fessenden, were appointed to confer with the towns of Yarmouth, Barnstable and Bourne, as regards a general celebration.

In March, 1889 the committee having in charge, the proposed celebration, read its report, which was accepted, and it was

VOTED: That the sum of $600 be raised and appropriated, and if there remains an unexpended balance, it should be returned to the treasury of the town.

The meeting having decided to celebrate the anniversary of the town's incorporation, rather than its settlement, a committee of five was appointed by the moderator, (Mr. Dillingham) comprising the following: — T. L. Southack, J. E. Pratt, E. S. Whittemore, F. S. Pope and James Shevlin, to report a committee of forty to this meeting, to constitute the celebration committee. The committee's report was accepted.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

ORIGINAL COMMITTEE OF FORTY FOR SANDWICH.

I. T. JONES, Chairman.

B. G. Bartley,	W. E. Boyden,	Charles Brady,
S. Frank Brailey,	Arthur Braman,	Charles F. Dalton,
J. F. Carlton,	G. B. Chamberlain,	S. S. Chipman,
E. J. Donovan,	Samuel Fessenden,	W. H. Heald,
F. A. Fisher,	John Kennard,	P. F. Mahoney,
Francis Murphy,	William L. Nye,	S. I. Morse,
F. S. Pope,	F. E. Pierce,	H. F. Spurr,
James Shevlin,	T. L. Southack,	E. J. Swann,
A. C. Southworth,	C. M. Thompson,	C. C. Jones,
F. O. Ellis,	Zenas W. Wright,	A. F. Sherman, Jr.,
E. S. Whittemore,	Frank E. Pope,	J. L. Wesson,
G. T. McLaughlin,	J. A. Holway,	Chas. Dillingham,
F. H. Burgess,	B. F. Chamberlain,	F. E. Elwell,

JOHN E. PRATT, Secretary.

COMMITTEE FOR BOURNE.

Isaac N. Keith,	William A. Nye,	A. L. Aldrich,
Nathan Nye,	David D. Nye,	A. R. Eldredge,
O. R. Swift,	Paul C. Gibbs,	W. R. Blackwell,
W. A. Barlow,	Rev. J. J. Brackett,	F. E. Wright,
Andrew C. Bates,	Fred Dimmock,	Ansel W. Fish,
B. H. Gilbraith,	James T. Handy,	A. L. Landers,
Allen T. Rogers,	Benj. B. Abbe,	Calvin Crowell,
Hiram Crowell,	Charles D. Swift,	Clarence E. Pope,
Geo. L. Atherton,	John W. Wedlock,	Wm. R. Gibbs,
J. P. Knowlton,	E. Bourne Nye,	L. Latter.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

I. T. Jones, Chair.	F. A. Fisher,	W. E. Boyden,
G. T. McLaughlin,	James Shevlin,	C. M. Thompson,
F. S. Pope,	Z. W. Wright,	J. E. Pratt, Sec.

SUB-COMMITTEES.

FINANCE.

SANDWICH. W. E. Boyden, Chairman; W. H. Heald, Zenas W. Wright, Charles Brady, Frank E. Pope, I. T. Jones, F. H. Burgess, W. L. Nye, J. E. Pratt.

BOURNE. I. N. Keith, A. L. Aldrich, A. R. Eldredge, I. Small, Jr.

LITERARY.

SANDWICH. C. M. Thompson, Chairman; Charles Dillingham, E. S. Whittemore, G. T. McLaughlin, J. L. Wesson.

BOURNE. Isaac N. Keith, Charles F. Chamberlayne, W. A. Nye, Rev. John J. Brackett, L. Latter.

MUSIC.

SANDWICH. Ambrose E. Pratt, Chairman; W. L. Nye, Sec.; W. H. Heald, P. F. Mahoney, H. H. Heald.

BOURNE. C. H. Burgess, 2nd, Eben Keith, O. R. Swift.

BALL.

A. F. Sherman, Jr., Chairman; J. A. Holway, Sec.; T. L. Southack, Arthur Braman, Francis Murphy, F. O. Ellis, G. E. White and James H. Kellehar.

DECORATIONS AND FIREWORKS.

SANDWICH. F. E. Pierce, Chairman; F. S. Pope, Sec.; E. J. Donovan, S. Frank Brailey, H. F. Spurr, F. E. Elwell, J. F. Knowles, Sam'l Fessenden, L. C. Jones, E. J. Swann, F. H. Burgess, S. S. Chipman, John Kennard, S. I. Morse, B. G. Bartley.

BOURNE. E. C. Swift, Walter G. Beal, Paul C. Gibbs, Andrew C. Bates, Ansel W. Fish, I. Small, Jr.

INVITATIONS.

SANDWICH. Charles Dillingham, Chairman; F. H. Burgess, Sec.; F. S. Pope, Paul Wing, Azariah Wing, F. E. Elwell, D. C. Percival.

BOURNE. D. D. Nye, I. N. Keith, W. A. Nye, G. F. Swift, Joe Jefferson, F. Dimmick, Nathan Nye, B. H. Gilbraith.

ENTERTAINMENT.

SANDWICH. W. L. Nye, Chairman; F. E. Pierce, Sec.; A. C. Southworth, C. C. Jones, E. J. Swann, G. E. White, I. T. Jones.

BOURNE. Calvin Crowell, W. R. Gibbs, B. B. Abbe, A. L. Aldrich, F. E. Wright, W. A. Barlow.

PARADE.

SANDWICH. James Shevlin, Chairman; B. F. Chamberlain, Sec.; J. F. Carlton, J. F. Knowles, F. A. Fisher, G. B. Chamberlain.

BOURNE. George I. Briggs, J. P. Knowlton, A. L. Landers, J. T. Handy, W. R. Blackwell.

TENT.

Arthur Braman, Chairman; C. M. Thompson.

BADGES.

James Shevlin, Chairman; G. E. White, J. E. Pratt, T. L. Southack, C. M. Thompson.

PRESS.

Ambrose E. Pratt, Chairman; A. F. Sherman, Jr., F. O. Ellis.

TRANSPORTATION.

W. E. Boyden, Chairman; I. T. Jones, J. E. Pratt.

GRAND MARSHALL.

William A. Nye of Bourne.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEES.

The first meeting of the committee of forty, on the 250th anniversary celebration, held March 26, 1889, was called to order by F. H. Burgess, Town Clerk. E. S. Whit-

temore was chosen temporary chairman and John E. Pratt, secretary. It was voted that the chair appoint a committee of three, who should retire to nominate permanent officers and an executive committee; it reported as follows: —

Permanent Chairman, I. T. Jones.

Permanent Secretary, John E. Pratt.

Executive Committee, I. T. Jones, Geo. T. McLaughlin, F. A. Fisher, W. E. Boyden, Charles M. Thompson, J. E. Pratt, James Shevlin, F. S. Pope, Zenas W. Wright. The committee subsequently elected I. T. Jones as chairman, and J. E. Pratt, secretary.

VOTED: That the executive committee be requested to confer with committees of Bourne and Barnstable, relative to a union of the towns in the coming celebration.

The executive committee met May 4, 1889. Mr. James Shevlin acting as chairman *pro tem.* Remarks were made by Messrs. Shevlin, Thompson, Boyden, and Wright (and W. A. Nye, of Bourne, who, being present, was invited to act at this meeting,) as to the propriety and advisability of having a celebration, Barnstable to the contrary notwithstanding, which culminated in the following:

VOTED: On motion of W. A. Nye, seconded by James Shevlin, that we, together with the town of Bourne, do celebrate the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of Sandwich, in Sandwich village, on the 3d of September next. (Unanimous.)

VOTED: That a committee of three be appointed by the chair, to report a plan of organization to the full executive committee, next Thursday evening, and that the full committee report such plan, after necessary revision and amendment, to a joint committee from the towns of Sandwich and Bourne, at Buzzards Bay, Friday morning next. Committee: — J. E. Pratt, James Shevlin, C. M. Thompson.

At an adjourned meeting of the executive committee, held May 9, 1889, the report of the sub-committee on plan of organization was read and accepted.

VOTED: That we recommend to the joint committee that W. A. Nye be made chief marshal, and Charles Dillingham, president of the day.

Messrs. Jones, Thompson, Shevlin, Wright, Pope and Pratt met the committee of Bourne at Buzzards Bay, on the

morning of May 10. The joint committee was organized by choice of I. T. Jones, President and W. A. Nye, Secretary.

The plan of organization reported from executive committee of Sandwich was adopted without question. Considerable time was spent in discussion, as to the relation of the town of Bourne in the matter of her appropriation, and no business of importance was transacted.

The committee of forty held a meeting at the Town Hall, July 18, 1889, called in anticipation of a town meeting, to be held the 23d, on petition of citizens opposed to the celebration for certain reasons. The chairman, Mr. Jones, stated the present status as to finances, showing a very gratifying exhibit.

VOTED. That we recommend to the town that the plans for a celebration be prosecuted.

Chas. Dillingham, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, by request, stated that the increase in taxation this year, by reason of the $600 appropriated at the March meeting, would be 40 cents per $1000.

At this meeting, Mr. E. F. Elwell, a summer resident, was made a member of the committee.

The executive committee met July 22, '89 when it was

VOTED: That A. L. Aldrich, W. A. Nye, I. N. Keith and Nathan Nye of Bourne, be invited to participate in the next general meeting.

VOTED: That the committees on decorations and fireworks be consolidated.

VOTED: That W. E. Boyden be appointed treasurer of the Centennial committee.

A convention of all the committees was held at the Town Hall, July 26, 1889, with I. T. Jones as chairman.

Various persons from Sandwich and Bourne were added to the several sub-committees, and the latter organized with choice of chairmen and secretaries.

VOTED: To send special invitations to Hon. Samuel Snow, of Barnstable, to act in conjunction with Hon. I. N. Keith, in securing, if possible, the Hon. J. D. Long, as orator, and failing in this, to secure Hon. George D. Robinson.

VOTED: That the price of dinner tickets do not exceed 50 cents per plate, and that the committee guarantee to the caterer, 1000 plates.

It was suggested that inasmuch as it is desirable that all possible benefits arising from the celebration should accrue to the towns of Sandwich and Bourne, that the sub-committees should procure, as far as possible, their equipments, appliances, facilities, etc., in these towns, and that orders and contracts should not be placed elsewhere, except in the interest of real economy.

On the evening of August 14, 1889, the executive committee met the chairman of the various sub-committees for conference, vice chairman Shevlin, presiding. The sub-committees reported progress through their chairmen, all of whom were present.

The matter of selecting a President of the day being brought up, eloquent and spirited remarks, setting forth the qualifications of Hon. Chas. Dillingham to fill that post of honor, having been made by several gentlemen present it was

VOTED: That Hon. Chas. Dillingham be invited to act in the capacity of President of the day.

This was a rising unanimous vote.

VOTED: That the guests of DeWitt Clinton Lodge, and of the Charles Chipman Post No. 132, G A. R., be furnished dinners by the committee.

VOTED: That a press committee of three be appointed; that the entertainment committee provide a table in front of the speakers for the reporters; that F. H. Burgess and the secretary have full power to provide general posters; that the ball committee be empowered to provide their own posters.

The executive committee met Aug. 24, and the following circular was ordered printed and distributed.

SANDWICH, August 26, 1889.

Information received by the committee, indicates that the resources of the town will be taxed to their full capacity, to provide lodging for our visitors, on the night of Sept. 3. In consideration of the fact that the generosity of friends in Bourne, and abroad, has made the success of this celebration possible, it is hoped by the committee that our resident house-

holders will be considerate enough to place at their disposal, all their spare rooms, at a fair price. It is, of course, understood and expected that no person will seek to use an occasion of such public interest for the furtherance of extortionate private speculation.

Any person having rooms to spare will please report to W. L. Nye, chairman of entertainment committee.

PER ORDER OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The executive committee met Oct. 5, with the president in the chair. The treasurer reported $50 in the treasury, with some due, and it was voted that the treasurer collect the sums due the committee.

VOTED: That Rev. N. H. Chamberlain be paid; that the secretary write letters of thanks to Messrs. Long, Swift, Kendrick, Nye, Pope, and Miss Conroy.

The subject of publishing the proceedings of the anniversary was discussed and resulted in the following:—

Resolved: That Ambrose E. Pratt be authorized to compile and publish the official memorial volume with the approval of the executive committee.

The final meeting of the executive committee was held on the evening of March 13, called to order by I. T. Jones, Chairman, who read the statement prepared by the treasurer, to be presented to the town at its annual meeting. The report showed one cent in the hands of the treasurer, with all bills paid. It was voted that a copy of the report be transmitted to the town of Bourne.

It was also voted that C. M. Thompson and J. E. Pratt be a committee to read the manuscript of the memorial volume, revising it if necessary, and that their action will be a sufficient approval of the executive committee.

At this meeting it was voted that the services and labors of the officers of this committee deserve recognition from the committee and the people of Sandwich. Mr. James Shevlin presented the following:

Resolved: That the thanks of the people of Sandwich are due to chairman I. T. Jones, for the energy displayed by him in enlisting the sympathy of our non-resident townsmen with the celebration, thereby securing the financial assistance that assured success.

Resolved: That secretary John E. Pratt merits the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, for the faithfulness with which the laborious duties assigned him were conducted.

Resolved: That we tender the thanks of the people of Sandwich to treasurer Willard E. Boyden, for the admirable manner in which he managed the finances of the celebration.

THE CELEBRATION.

The 250th anniversary celebration of this old Cape Cod town and her recent offspring, the new town of Bourne, opened at sunrise with the ringing of bells from churches, factory and academy. Every Sandwich man turned an anxious look heavenwards with the first opening of his eyes, but nobody's enthusiasm was dampened in the least, for the weather was most propitious. At an early hour the streets were alive with sightseers and a most brilliant spectacle did the old town present.

No such attempt at public demonstration was ever before made here. From nearly every dwelling, store and public building, especially on the line of march. drooped the national colors, arranged in many unique and artistic combinations which the taste of the decorator suggested. Shields, stars and stripes and mottoes, were fantastically interwoven amid the bewilderment of color and bunting, while across Jarves street near the Old Colony station, was stretched a huge triumphal arch with " Welcome " over the centre, beneath which the procession passed.

Sandwich's sons and daughters, long exiled from the paternal hearthstone, returned by every train and renewed old memories and pleasant acquaintances, and there were also within her gates, guests who are always welcome, for the trains during that, and the day previous landed a host of living humanity.

The early morning trains from Provincetown and way stations were crowded, notwithstanding extra cars had been added. The same could be said of the special train from New Bedford, Woods Holl and intermediate stations. The invited guests and speakers (with the exception of Hon. John D. Long, who came by the regular) arrived on the special train, as did many others, which left Boston at 7.30 A. M., reaching Sandwich about 10.30. When all the trains had arrived the streets of old Sandwich were completely thronged with people, and probably the town never had so many persons within its borders on a single day. The streets were in excellent condition as usual, thus affording a splendid opportunity for both civil and military organizations to do good marching; and with the music of five brass bands, the town cast aside its quiet attitude of the past, awakened, and breathed new life, as it were, and rejoiced in its fifth grand jubilee.

The special train from Provincetown and way stations brought Frank D. Hammond Post, No. 141, G. A. R., of Harwich, J. C. Freeman Post, No. 53, G. A. R., of Provincetown, as guests of Charles Chipman Post, No. 132, G. A. R., of Sandwich, Adams Lodge of Masons, of Wellfleet, and visiting brethren of other lodges in the 28th Masonic district, as guests of De Witt Clinton Lodge, of Sandwich. The Standish Guards, Plymouth Lodge of Masons and Plymouth band, came the entire distance, eighteen miles, by carriages, arriving soon after nine o'clock, and during their stay were entertained by De Witt Clinton Lodge.

THE PROCESSION.

Early in the day preparation began for the grand parade, which was looked forward to by the throng assembled, with as much interest, perhaps, as any event of the day. In fact, it was most creditable, and several times during the march the attractive features were applauded again and again. The procession was made up as follows:

Chief Marshall — William A. Nye.

Chief of Staff — James Shevlin; Adjutant — Charles M. Thompson.

Staff Officers.
William P. Stoddard, Dr. E. B. Hill, W. H. Drew, Col. B. S. Lovell, E. C. Swift.
Aids.
Frank Howland, Frank O. Ellis.

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon, State Police.
Geo. I. Briggs, Asst. Marshall.
Hills Band, New Bedford, 25 pieces.
Standish Guards of Plymouth, Capt. Hennessy.
Charles Chipman Post, 132 G. A. R., Sandwich, William C. Gifford, Commander.
Frank D. Hammond Post 141, G. A. R., Harwich, Dr. George M. Munsell, Commander.
J. C. Freeman, Post 53, G. A. R., Provincetown, Joshua Cook, Commander.

SECOND DIVISION.

B. B. Abbe, Asst. Marshal.
Sagamore Brass Band, 20 pieces.
Cavalcade of seventy-five Horsemen.

THIRD DIVISION.

Arthur Braman, Assistant Marshal.
Middleboro Brass Band, twenty-five pieces.
DeWitt Clinton Lodge, F. & A. M., of Sandwich.
Plymouth Rock Band, twenty-five pieces.
Plymouth Lodge, F. & A. M., of Plymouth.
Members of James Otis Lodge F. & A. M., Barnstable.
Members of Adams Lodge, F. & A. M., Wellfleet.
Visiting members of other lodges.

FOURTH DIVISION.

S. I. Morse, Assistant Marshal.
Bourne Brass Band, twenty-five pieces.
President of the Day, Orator, Chaplain, Invited Guests, Speakers, Committee of Arrangements and Committee on Entertainment in Carriages.
School Children in Barges.
Citizens.

The procession was formed on Jarves street after the arrival of the regular and special trains, and marched over

the following route: From Old Colony Station up Jarves street to Main to opposite the residence of Joshua T. Faunce; countermarch on Main to Grove, to residence of Ezra T. Pope; countermarch on Grove to Water, School, Main, to residence of Leander Chamberlain; countermarch on Main to Liberty, Factory, Freeman, State, Church, Jarves, Main, to School, where the parade was dismissed at the Casino at 1.30 P. M.

THE DECORATIONS.

All of the citizens of the old town entered fully into the spirit of the occasion and joined heartily in the display. It will, of course, be impossible to describe the numerous private decorations; nor is it proper to select any for special commendation, where all were so good. It was frequently remarked, however, both by strangers and invited guests, that the decorations were characterized by novelty in color, and excellent taste in arrangement. This was largely due to the committee on decorations, who were liberal with their advice and aid, together with the artistic work done by Masten & Wells, of Boston, who had established headquarters here.

The large evergreen arch across Jarves street, near the depot, the gift of Mr. Charles H. Nye, of Hyannis, Division Superintendent of the Old Colony Railroad, was exceedingly creditable to him, and to the committee having in charge its decoration.

All the decorations were elaborate, and those of historic interest especially noticeable. Postoffice square was probably the most elaborate of any. From the large elm tree, planted years ago, there were festooned flags to all sides of Jarves and Main streets. At the Jarves street entrance to the square, coming from the depot was the motto:

Welcome to our Sons and Daughters.

On the easterly entrance:

Thankful for the Past, Hopeful for the Future.

And on the westerly side:

250th Anniversary of the Settlement.

At the old Cobb house on Main street was prettily arranged:

Sandwich. 1889. Shawme, 1639.

The Unitarian church came in for its full share of interest and attention, by its decorations and the motto over the main entrance:

1638. First Church. 1889.

At C. E. Pope's was:

Home of the Popes for Five Generations.

At E. S. Whittemore's, a large shield was arrayed over the front entrance bearing:

1690.

JARVES STREET: Sandwich Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, Sanford I. Morse, John W. Dalton, J. Charles Stever, Fletcher Clark, Procter Bros., John Hobson, John Murray, A. C. Southworth, Pickwick Club, George W. Rogers, Chas. H. Burgess, George Hartwell, F. S. Pope, Post-office, Headquarters Charles Chipman Post, G. A. R., B. G. Bartley and the Old Colony station

MAIN STREET. H. G. O. Ellis, Mrs. J. Leonard, Headquarters of Masten & Wells, George N. Chipman, Charles W. Spurr, Willard E. Boyden, N. Y. & B. Despatch Express Office, Central House, Capt. E. Nichols, E. S. Whittemore, Ambrose E. Pratt, Mrs. L. A. Spring, Fletcher Clark, Mrs. C. Hall, Mrs. Sarah Wesson, Dr. J. H. Stevens, Mrs. Kern, William L. Nye, G. N. Chipman, Town Hall, Dr. J. E. Pratt, J. D. Lloyd, I. T. Jones, Miss Lucinda Allyne, I. K. Chipman, S. Wells Hunt, Mrs. Exie Bourne, B. F. Chamberlain, Leander Chamberlain, John Perry.

GROVE STREET: B. G. Bartley, Josiah Newcomb, Charles E. Pope, J. C. C. Ellis, Thomas Baker, Ezra T. Pope.

WATER STREET: F. E. Pierce, Anthony Chapouil, F. H. Burgess, Henry Lapham, Percival Homestead, Mrs. Linekin, Hoxie Estate, H. H. Heald.

SCHOOL STREET: Samuel Fessenden, C. M. Thompson, Dr. G. E. White, Casino, James Ingraham, James Perry, W. H. Heald.

LIBERTY STREET: Seth Hargreaves, W. H. Gibbs, John Murray, Mrs. Robert Wright, R. C. Clark.

FREEMAN STREET: Geo. T. McLaughlin.

STATE STREET; Murphy Family, Mrs. J. W. Dalton, Nicholas Lutz, James Shevlin, James Davis.

CHURCH STREET: Rev. T. F. Clinton.

AT THE CASINO.

The immense building was profusely decorated with flags and bunting artistically arranged. Long before the hour arrived the large auditorium was completely filled by an appreciative audience.

The Middleboro Band furnished a selection, after which an eloquent invocation by Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., LL.D., of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey, was offered.

Hon. Charles Dillingham, president of the day delivered the

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

It has fallen to me to welcome you to the celebration of the Quarter Millennial Anniversary of the founding of Sandwich. Two hundred and fifty years is but a short period in the world's history; but in the history of Sandwich it takes us back to within two years of the time when the "ten men from Saugus," with their wives and children commenced their struggle for existence on the shores of yonder bay, founding the first permanent settlement by Europeans in Barnstable county.

It is fitting that we should thus celebrate the day. It is fitting that we should pause at times, and turn our thoughts back upon the events of the past. What more appropriate season can there be, than the day which marks the very beginning of our existence as a municipality?

Edward Everett in that eloquent oration at Barnstable, fifty years ago to-day, said: "I do not know how

the faculty of looking before and after, which belongs to us as rational beings, can be better employed than calling up to grateful recollection on appropriate occasions, the toils and sufferings of those, to whom, as a community, we owe our existence. It is a pious office to the past."

Let us then, while we celebrate with joy and gladness this day of our birth, give a passing thought, at least, to the memory of those Godly men and women, through whose trials and sacrifices, endured for conscience sake, and obedience to the Divine law, we to-day possess so goodly an inheritance.

Did time permit, we might speak of the patriotic stand the fathers took in resisting the oppressive laws of the mother country, the poverty and sore distress they endured during the seven long years of war which followed, and later when the country was rent and torn by internal strife, of the prompt action of our people in taking up arms in defence of the goverment which was purchased at such a price.

We cannot point to any remarkable growth in wealth or population. The attractions of the cities and the fertile prairies of the West, offering such fair promise of bettering fortune, have proved stronger, than the attachment to native soil or the ties of kindred.

Our sons and daughters are found in every state in the Union, from the shores of the Atlantic to the slopes of the Pacific; carrying with them always, wherever found, those principles so dear to our fathers' civil and religious liberty; planting side by side those symbols of New England's civilization, the church and the "free public school."

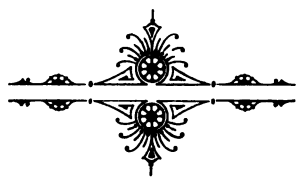
Two hundred and fifty years have passed and we have gathered here in commemoration of the event. We have come up, like Jews of old, to celebrate this, our fifth jubilee year. In behalf of the committee who has arranged this celebration, and the people of Sandwich, we bid you most welcome.

To the daughter town of Bourne, whose history is identical with our own, that has responded so generously to our invitation, old mother Sandwich extends a most cordial greeting. We bid her God speed, and rejoice in her prosperity.

To all the sons and daughters of Sandwich, who have come home to the maternal roof; to friends, neighbors and strangers; to the distinguished representatives of nation or state, who have honored us by their presence, to all our guests, from whatever quarter they have come, we bid you a cordial welcome, and open to you our hearts and homes.

There are, doubtless, those within the sound of my voice, who will participate in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary, fifty years hence. What the condition of our town or country may then be, 'twere not wise for me to predict, but we will hope that as now, it will be the home of a united, free and happy people.

Here the President introduced Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, of Bourne, as the orator of the day, who was given a hearty welcome by all present.



ORATION BY REV. N. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

FELLOW TOWNSMEN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Allow me, first of all, to congratulate you upon this, the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the ancient town of Sandwich. In paying homage to our venerable ancestors, we lay claim to our own heraldry among the peoples and honor ourselves and them. For they only are able to transmit a full civilization to posterity who are willing to learn wisdom at the graves of their forefathers. On memorial days like this, we break away from the cark and care of our temporal circumstance and join the ceaseless procession of the human race, to thereby secure our immortality as a part of that vast host of man which is forever.

Birthdays, whether of men or of towns, derive their dignity, in the eyes of the just, from the virtues and the uses of the life commemorated; and the recount of a great life is a perpetual incentive to honor, in those who heed the lesson. Certainly the story of a Pilgrim town like this, seven generations long, must stimulate us all to a new sense of the dignity and duty of American citizenship and urge on the Pilgrim blood especially, wherever it may inhabit, to imitate the persistency and loyalty of their forefathers in behalf of man, of whatever color and whatever creed.

The ties which bind a man to his birth town and the ties which bind a man to his native land, interweave themselves

together in the human conciousness and are always treated by the wise with respect. If the tie of our Fatherland be something grander and more imperative the tie which binds us to our Father and Mother town is of necessity something more intimate and personal. For an incorporated town, is both by law and nature, an articulated and specified part of infinate space; and as men articulate and break eternity with specified durations of time — such as days, years and centuries, so men break and articulate the surface of the earth, by towns, states, provinces, nations. Therefore what our native town does for us is this: out of this infinite space whose concave is a limitless globe, "this brave, overhanging firmament, this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire," as Hamlet phrases it, a town gives us a specific and named abode, with metes and bounds; our home where our cradles were, when our mothers put us asleep; and where perhaps after work, by friendly hands, we are laid among our own, to cease from that strife of life, which, if it have any use or meaning, foretells a great peace, wherein we shall greatly love and greatly know.

Let us clearly understand eaeh other at the outset. When a birthday is thronged, usually some one voices the general mind. By the courtesy of your committee, acting for you, I have been appointed, as a native of this town, in this passage of your festival, to speak for you as to the history of Sandwich, and to voice the thoughts which naturally arise in the minds of its citizens on an occasion like the present. As your mouthpiece, as the mouthpiece of justly judging men, I am bound not to discolor, distort or exaggerate our town history, as to its trend or actual influence on public affairs. The facts involved in the history of this town will suffice to give it an honorable place in the history of this commonwealth and nation; and more no one will claim. I hope then that I may truly express your minds, when, first of all, (and for us all) I offer here our reverent and grateful salutations to the memory of the dead generations of Sandwich folk, who made this town, and out of whose loins so many of us are. Peace, rest and eternal happiness to them all. Next we salute those of our stock wherever scattered over the globe, unavoidably absent from this solemnity, wishing that wherever the blood of Sandwich strain

this day courses through human veins, our greeting of kinship and good will should reach. And next we send new salutations of a long-lived friendship to all those ancient towns of Plymouth Colony — and especially to our neighbors of the Cape; towns which for more than two hundred years have wrought, toiled, suffered, won, and lived with us through wars, civilized and barbarian, and the crises of civil life, side by side in building up our civilization by the sea. Health, happiness and plenty in a pure peace to them all, "PER SÆCULA SÆCULORUM."

Nor should we, in this expression of relationship, overlook that little gray town by the sea, laid with its dingy brick houses for at least a thousand years along that river's bank, into whose waters the spires of Canterbury Cathedral almost throw their shadows — with its little gray Saxon church, of St. Clement's on the hill above, watching over this Cinque-Port of the mediæval ages and Thanet island where Julius Cæsar landed and Augustine rebrought Christianity to Britain — the town near which some of our founders lived and from which we derive our name, Sandwich, on the river Stour, County of Kent, Old England.

With these salutations in your name, I approach my theme,

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF SANDWICH LIFE.

I leave the inherent difficulties of the discussion in the hands of the just who will know how to weigh them. It involves reference to religious movements about which men have differed bitterly — none more so than our Pilgrim ancestors themselves. The roots of Sandwich History have been analyzed at Plymouth Rock, again and again for more than fifty years by able orators, and whatsoever they spoke of truth, barring the circumstances of a locality, applies with equal force to every Pilgrim town. This is a part of the Pilgrim land and the glory or the shame of the Pilgrim history belongs to every Pilgrim town, as well as to Plymouth. They have lately graced Plymouth town with a new monument to retell the story of their fathers. Long may it look across the sea on which they came from England to

found a greater empire in the West. And sometime (may it not be late,) so generous will be their reverence for their own history, they will insist with us that another monument at Provincetown shall retell the story of how the Pilgrims landed first on old Cape Cod, sailed along its shores, traversed its wilds, were fed on its Indian corn, and finally buffeted with storm and the winter's cold, found refuge in Plymouth harbor. Let me attempt then a little history and towards its roots. On exactly what grounds then, of reason and common sense, do you base an anniversary like this, and in memory of your fathers? Not chiefly because many of you are their descendants who abide in the old home and filial piety is venerable in any man; not because they were emigrants here and suffered hardships, since others have fared as ill; not because they cleared these fields and built roads across them; not because they built up this town with sober venerable houses, some of which remain; not even that they established schools, and churches. Not even filial pride nor affection — not even what I may call the form and circumstance of the Pilgrim life lie at the roots of this day's honor. What then? This Pilgrim town is entitled to its unwasting record, today and a thousand years hence as well, because here in the 17th century of our Lord came certain men who with their brethren elsewhere in this New England brought with them two root and kindred ideas which control this land and which are destined to control the future of mankind — the ideas of religious and civil liberty — the idea that man is to bear his destiny in his own right hand unchained; ideas which carry with them the corollary, late to be arrived at in our slow processes of human logic, that this world belongs of right and eternal fitness, not to hierarchies, aristocracies or dynasties but to the peoples of the world, and that there shall be no final peace on earth until man comes to his great estate; brought these ideas here, I say, and made this town a cradle to nurse them in — guarded and defended that cradle; and when time was, gave with their brethren in the events of two centuries and a half to this nation these two ideas which dominate the land. I do not deny to any other man or any other set of men their just claim as fellow workmen in laying the foundations of this republic, nor am

I ignorant of the toil and sacrifice elsewhere. I admit frankly that in many ways the Pilgrims were earthen vessels. I only insist that the treasure itself was sterling and out of that King's mint in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning. I know that the Pilgrims did not even discover this treasure but inherited it as a trust — that most of them never knew the high price it would bear in this market of the West; that in their laws and social tempers they were perpetually crossing the trend of their own ideas — that in their movement, as so often happen among men, they builded wiser than they knew. What I maintain is that these men held and preserved more firmly, yes more fiercely than any other set of men of English blood the two root ideas from which this nations derives its institutions. I am the more anxious to be explicit here, because whenever there is a new and justifiable oration at Plymouth Rock there is sure to be a gnashing of the teeth elswhere, North or South, urban or rural. That the Pilgrims were not angels but only men, often narrow, fallible, faultful men; that they were neither a force nor a law of nature and therefore liable to make mistakes and wander from their own ideas — in short that the form and circumstance of what I now call for the first time in this address, Puritanism was temporal and full of errors may go without contradiction and even with a frank assent. But for any man in the light of history to assert among the wise that the Puritan did not bring with him the corn and oil and wine on which nations may feed themselves to greatness, is as futile as though a man should snatch at the atmosphere with his teeth, to rend it.

Allow me here, a moment, to remove a little obstacle from the mind of any exact and careful listener who may have noticed that I have just used the word Puritan as interchangeable with Pilgrim. I have done it advisedly and as necessary to the freedom of my discussion. In my judgment the distinction now in common use, made between the Pilgrim and the Puritan, is one that so far as it is valid must deal with surfaces and temporalities. The substances and eternities of the truths they held were the same in each. The Puritan and Pilgrim were two chips from the same block. Only the Pilgrim wood was from the south or more

sunny side of the tree. The Puritan was the genus; the Pilgrim the species. All men are human beings, yet some men are not blondes. In history the color does not count; the genus does. All Pilgrims were Puritans; but all Puritans were not Pilgrims. The heart of Massachusetts Bay and the heart of Plymouth Colony were of one blood. What matters it, if in their great civic and religious evolution, the arc of the heart throbs sometimes differed. The Pilgrim and the Puritan prove their unity even by a diversity. I use the terms, henceforth within these limits, as interchangeable.

The actual settlement of the town of Sandwich dates from April 3, 1637, when as appears from Plymouth records "it is also agreed by the court that these ten men of Saugus, Edmund Freeman, Henry Feake, Thomas Dexter, Edward Dillingham, William Wood, John Carman, Richard Chadwell, William Almy, Thomas Tupper and George Knott shall have liberty to view a place to sit down and have sufficient lands for threescore families, upon the conditions propounded to them by the governor and Mr. Winslow." Only three of these names, Freeman, Dillingham and Tupper, still appear here. The same year came fifty other undertakers, as the new citizens were called, chiefly from Lynn, or Saugus, Duxbury and Plymouth, most of them bringing their families, and a Pilgrim Church was set up the same year under the care of Rev. William Leverich. The names of these men which are still here are, Allen, Besse, Blackwell, Bodfish, Bourne, Briggs, Burgess, Ewer, Fish, Hallett, Harlow, Holway, Landers, Nye, Skiffe, Wing. In a list of persons between the age of sixteen and sixty liable in 1643 to bear arms, these other Sandwich names appear, Ellis, Gibbs, Swift. In 1654 in a subscription for building a town mill first appear the names Tobey, Bassett. The next year (1655) in a subscription to build a new church appears the name of Perry. The Popes I think came later on; the Fessendens at the settlement of their ancestor Rev. Benjamin Fessenden in 1722, and are, as they well know, out of Kent. Freeman sums up this matter of the permanency of names, so far as it has any scientific value by saying, "the names of some fifteen of the earliest settlers have with the addition of

a few others, soon succeeding, been the prevailing patronymics to the present day."

A trading post, not a settlement, had been established in the west part of Sandwich at Manomet as early as 1627 for facilitating trade between Plymouth and the Dutch of New York and in that year the Dutch Secretary De Razier had paid a visit to Plymouth in a business way, going by Scusset Harbor and bringing sugar, linen stuffs etc. Pieces of glass bottles are the chief relics of late years which have been picked up at this fort; a homely fact which illustrates probably the Dutch, — and possibly the English.

This town was incorporated and became a civic part of Plymouth Colony in 1639, some two years after its actual settlement and the same year sent its deputies to assist in the Pilgrim government. In order of time it was the fourth town in the Colony. The reason why the incorporation of this town was thus delayed, as against usage, was probably this, allowing for the caution and tenacity with which the Plymouth people always held to their vested rights in their own territory, the jealousy with which they shared them, and the need there was in their political crises which were always upon them, to look out that no set of men, hostile to their colonial policy, should have any hand in ruling, as an incorporated town would have,— the men who came here first, were not only men from abroad in Massachusetts Bay, but as affairs in the earlier years of this town shows, men resolute, self-reliant, impatient of restraint, even beyond ordinary Pilgrim measure; men who would make their own mark and swear by it at whatever cost, and who did put their mark upon this town and left it there till now. I fancy they came here to worship God and make money, thinking a frontier town, as this was, a singularly convenient and likely place wherein to be let alone. That is why the incorporation of this town was two years late. Miles Standish ran the lines of this town when Plymouth ordered it to be laid out—that mysterious and incongruous Pilgrim of whom Hubbard writes "A little chimney is soon on fire, so was the Plymouth Captain, a man of very small statue yet of a very hot and angry temper." It is safe to say that the lines were run exactly as Miles saw fit.

I may not suppose that there were omens in it, but the fact is that the settlement of this town was preceded by a storm and followed by an earthquake! I quote the storm from Gov. Bradford to show you one color on the land to which your forefathers came. "In 1635 a mighty storm, sea rose twenty feet and many climb into the trees. Blew down many thousands of trees, tearing up the stronger by the roots, breaking the higher pines in the middle and winding small oaks and walnuts of good size, as withes. It began southeast and parted towards the south and east and veered sundry ways. The wrecks of it will remain a hundred years." The shock of the earthquake, June 1, 1638, "was so violent in some places that movables in houses were thrown down and people out of doors could scarcely retain a position on their feet."

How exactly our fathers reached this town, then a wild, we cannot say. Any bulky furniture of theirs must have come by sea, and probably into Scusset harbor, since years after, both Sandwich and Plymouth are complained of for not keeping the road between them suitable for man and horse. Wagons there were none, and years after the settlement, before we were blessed with a mill, there were Sandwich folk who trudged all the way to Plymouth town and back with a sack of corn to grind, and as late as Judge Sewall's time the travel was on horseback and most of the way, along the beach at the foot of yonder sand bluffs. It may reasonably be supposed that most — men and women and children with their cattle, came along the Indian trail and would get their first view of their new home somewhere at the curve of the Cape, in the neighborhood of the present meeting house in Sagamore.

Most were no doubt on foot, some women with babes, on pillions and a swarm of little folks, boys and girls on foot, tired and dusty, yet alert and wonderful at the trail and what lay at the end. People who go to the front or the frontier in this world, must endure hardness and the Puritan emigrant seldom flinched from a toil or a foe. The Rev. Stephen Bachelder, at the age of seventy-six, travelled the whole distance from Lynn to Yarmouth, more than a hundred miles, at an inclement season of the year, on foot,

a weary, restless spirit, ever liable to Puritan wrath and ever ready with a return blow, dying excommunicate at eighty.

Now in imagination let us stand aside, with uncovered head, while this group of our forefathers and foremothers take their first survey of what is to become their home. We shall not disturb or distract their emotion with voice or vision, wrapped about as we are with the veil of two hundred and fifty years. What do they see? On their left the same sea which then as now, washes the shores of the England they have left — King over this globe's two-thirds, and vassal prone as the highway of the people to the mastery of the generations of those "who go down to the sea in ships." Before them — first the north contour of the Cape circling east and north in its mighty arc, until lost in the grey mists beyond; — next the walls and buttresses of the white beaches with here and there great patches of timber on them — then the salt marshes with their creeks winding at flood tide like silver threads to the harbour, very much as they do now; — and everywhere else around, the wild, the unbroken forest crowning the hill ridges which create and back the amphitheatre in which your town is set, a forest then so stately that for generations after, men on horseback shall ride through it unhindered; — no house, no church spire to greet, not a cleared field, no home except it be the wigwam whose smoke through the wigwam's top, rises thin and blue against the pine leaves; solitude,— no movement of man or beast, except it be when a deer or wolf crosses their trail or an Indian slinks away from this humble cavalcade of pale faces, or an eagle floats lazily over Sagamore hill and the white winged gulls at your harbour's mouth, restless and querulous as ever, —— these and liberty.

While they look, let us look at them. Believe me it is a singular spectacle. I invite now no man to look upon it who does not reverence man in history; no one who is indifferent to that awful genesis of humanity by which the men of the East have attained to this empire of civilization in the West. Base indeed would he be who would enjoy a civilization won by the sacrifices and heroisms of his ancestors and forgot them at the feast. First of all then who are these men and women in this sand trail, facing this wild? Of

what stock are they? — since blood in men and brutes always counts and accounts for conduct and careers. They are of English stock. What is that? All that is, no man can tell you. These men and women — white emigrants in the red man's land are by origin Asiatics; of a barbarian stock out of that teeming cradle of Central Asia, north of the Himalaya mountains — whence in three great migrations — Celtic, Teutonic, Slavonic — came the peoples of Central and Northern Europe. These people are of the second — the Teutonic hordes, kin to the German tribes on whom Cæsar tried the short swords of his legions, and who after defeats smote down the latter Roman Empire to build upon its ruins in a thousand years a better; — strangely mixed too with that kindred Norse or Scandinavian blood of North Europe, the sailor blood I take it, of modern ages — that Danish blood out of the Viking's ships which ravished North England many times to a desert and then repeopled it; the blood of that William Conqueror and his Normans made a trifle more gracious in sunny Normandy, who eight hundred years ago with men in his ranks with names still heard in your streets, upon that hill ridge at Hastings and near that ancient apple tree of history, late in that unsparing battle where with locked shields the Saxons had stood and won all day, until the upshot arrows of the Normans down falling with fate upon their proud but stricken heads, broke at evening through their fence, smote down Saxon England, to give her the new dynasty of the Plantagenets and perhaps a grander future; yes — that blood so stubborn, wilful, proud and masterful, that when the same William Conqueror was carried to his grave, a common Norman man stood forth, forbidding burial, because that grave was dug in his father's land, which this King had, against law, taken: that blood so law-abiding, that they who bore the corpse yielded to justice and bought, with the King's money, an honest grave elsewhere, that England's conqueror might share a clemency never to be denied the poorest Saxon serf who wore that day his master's Norman collar — as our dogs do — Danish, Norman, Saxon, Teutonic — English blood.

Do you wonder that such a stock has succeeded in New England — always — that these people here did build

and maintain this town? Do you wonder that this blood to-day is liable to its outbreaks, arrogancies — and sometimes cruelties, as in King Phillip's war? Do you wonder that in every generation of Sandwich — in your town meetings — which are the Alltings of the Teutonic races — the gatherings of all the people — men have stood to their "Yea" or their "Nay" until the sun went down and the meeting went home, leaving the moderator and the town clerk to despair? Or that inside and outside your meeting-houses, men and women have wrangled over mysteries that no man knows and few men have even studied, with a self assertion only justifiable in the Infallible?

How came then these men and women here? What urged this singular, this dominant blood to emigrate across the Atlantic ocean and hide itself in a wilderness? Let unfriendly critics answer what they like — vagrancy, lust of money, lust of power, incompatibility of temper as to other men, divorcing them from their native church and state — anything they choose or dare. I explain the why of their presence by saying that these men and women are Puritans. What is a Puritan? The answer should be cautious, because in it one finds the key to the history of our republican institutions, so far, and of many things otherwise hard to be understood in the history of Plymouth Colony. Well then,— before the year 1300, that is before the printing press or the discovery of America, there were in North England a singular set of men, of reformers we will say, called Lollards. All the great English reforms, they say, have come from North England, thanks perhaps to the Norse blood so plenty there. These Lollards were bred apparently in the homes of plain English country folk, and the head of them appears in history as John Wickliffe, priest at Luttersworth. How these men came no man exactly knows. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and we hear the sound thereof but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." This body of English folk, 150 years before the reformation, made revolt against the church and, when punished by the secular authorities, grew bitter against the state. Indeed I know no bitterness in religious controversy so acute as theirs. Their tracts, copied with the pen and scattered through the land,

and of late years made accessible to us in the publications of the Camden society, are chiefly wails and curses. The poems of Piers Plowman and of early English poets are colored with the like temper. The trend of their movement may be seen in the fact, that their great leader, Wickliffe, translated, for the first time, the Bible into English. The movement was wild, often unled, given to falling into grotesque theories of communism, and into ways of thought which most sober minds to this day are unable to accept — the outbreak of a deep-seated instinct of the North England mind, veiled and limited by its ignorance — but yet an undoubted factor in the lives of the common people of England from before 1300 A. D. to the reformation in the 16th century. It was the men of this strain and of the common people who, in the English reformation, still under the ban of English law, gave unexpected aid to sovereigns and great reforming prelates, less sincere and worthy often than themselves, and who never flinched from the stake or axe in maintaining reform. These men now found themselves reinforced by new allies out of the upper classes, who proceeded to clarify the hot, fermenting and clouded liquor of their strange religious zeal with the learning of Cambridge and Oxford. In these Lollards lay the root of English Puritanism, and in the reign of Elizabeth the name Puritan appears to cover them all. It will be readily seen that Lollardism was a revolt against two corporate bodies — the English Church and the English State who punished for the Church; a refusal of the relations heretofore existing between the people and these corporate bodies; a demand for a new valuation of man as man; and for a new adjustment of every human being with those two great bodies, — ecclesiastical and political, which had dominated Englishmen from time immemorial. It was inevitable in such a movement that the claims of the individual man should be magnified and multiplied; that he who had been governed was now to rule, and that the questionable grace and health, which had heretofore descended to him from a long line of kings and bishops, should now ascend from him, and that if thrones were to stand, the man upon it must represent the people and not a dynasty — a radical theory of pure democracy based upon a religious

instinct, wise or otherwise, as time will tell. Here then was the root of English Puritanism. It is true that the new learning and the new accessions to the old cause of the Lollards both checked and colored it, and that too not altogether wisely. For instance, the new Puritans of Elizabeth's age had accepted for their religious philosophy, the system of the foreigner and Frenchman Calvin, whose doctrine of election, to wit, that only the church of God could be on earth the sons of God, narrowed the broader Lollard doctrine that every man, because he is a man, is a son of God. Upon this doctrine of election both Pilgrim and Puritan built his commonwealth and upon the wider basis, the Lollard temper in Quaker, Baptist, and all who resented the standing order which ruled men who were not allowed to rule themselves, protested until all men became equal before the law which is for all men. If there be any other than a surface distinction between Pilgrim and Puritan, it is that there was more of the old England Lollard temper at Plymouth than at Boston. This was the ancient treasure brought in earthen vessels — the Anglo Saxon idea of a pure democracy in Church and State and this is why our ancestors are standing in an Indian trail — pilgrims to a wild which by their virtue they will make a shrine for all their generations. Let them pass on to their toil. They do not know all this. They have no idea that they are anything else than tired folk seeking a home. So often in our humble affairs the gods go with us and yet we think ourselves alone.

The story of the town life of Sandwich, from 1639 till to-day may, as a matter of mere convenience, be divided into these four periods: I. From the incorporation of the town as a part of Plymouth Colony to the absorption of that colony into the Province of Massachusetts in 1692; II. From 1692, until the Revolution, 1776; III. The Revolution period 1776–1783; IV. From 1783 to 1889.

Some preparation had probably been made beforehand for the reception of these Pilgrim families — possibly some temporary booths, as the sheds are sometimes called in the old records, but we have no information. The farms had been allotted to each proprietor and each would go to his own as soon as possible. It is a tradition, and a certainty, that

most halted a mile or so west of your present town centre in the neighborhood of what we all know as the Freeman place, and along what is now the back road, which runs north and westerly near Town Neck towards Sagamore. Some of your oldest houses and best lands are still there. As one in these days coming along these roads to your town sees over the hill-tops the chimneys and spires of Sandwich, and reflects that hereabouts were the first homes, one is reminded of that ancient scripture so dear to the Puritan mind, "And he led the flock to the backside of the desert and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb."

That they set to work speedily to clear, each man his own farm, may go without saying. It may not be without interest to note, in passing, the origin of your titles to your real estate here. In brief it was thus: the English crown claimed sovereignty here on the ground that its subjects had discovered the country — a rather flimsy title, one would say, but exceedingly convenient if the crown wished more land, and one then in vogue in Europe. Plymouth Colony inherited, so to speak, under the crown. But having a conscience, our fathers thought it fit to extinguish the title of the Indians, whom they found in possession, by purchase from the Indian chiefs in form of an English deed. Whether they paid less or more, the transaction was orderly, and Governor Winslow's words in 1675 will stand as history, "Before the present trouble" (King Philip's War) broke out, the English did not possess one foot of land in the colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors." Whether the Indian knew what he was selling, and thought to sell only a right, common to both parties, to fish, hunt and dwell in the land, as his fathers had, is quite another question, which, in King Philip's War, was settled with the sword, quite as our Civil War settled some things without appeal. Our forefathers certainly knew what they bought. From Plymouth Colony the Sandwich settlers bought, upon plain conditions and a fixed price, their right to the town, as proprietors, each receiving land allotments according to what he paid, certain lands remaining in common, under control of the town, and as need was, divided among the citizens in the same ratio. The way your Town Neck is held to-day, is, I sup-

pose, one of the last relics in New England of lands so held in common. No man could be a citizen but a church member, and church members might be cold or strange. From this, you may see, why both Sandwich and the colony would be very careful who were made citizens here, and why, if they differed, as to who should be citizens, as they did, there would be trouble, as there was. Everybody, parson as well as people, bought and sold land, which ranged from a shilling an acre, both up and down. In dividing estates among heirs a large piece of poor land was balanced by a small piece of good land and due allowance was made for ponds which went for nothing, and real estate in those days found a brisk market. The very next year after the incorporation of this town Andrew Hallett sold his farm, near the tack factory and gave this deed, "I, Andrew Hallett, of Sandwich, have sold unto Daniel Wing of the same town, and to his heirs and assigns forever my dwelling house in Sandwich with three acres of land joining to it and the corn now growing upon it, with the cow house (barn). It lieth between the land of George Shawson and William Newland; and two acres of land at Scusset; and five acres of planting land near Spring Hill; and four acres, wanting one quarter, of meadow near the Pine Neck — — and one acre and a half, lying in the Neck, being yet undivided: with all commons and all pasture and all profits and appertinences whatsoever, thereto pertaining. Witness my hand this twenty-eighth of July, one thousand six hundred and forty." He makes his mark — the witnesses are Edward Dillingham and John Wing and the clerk of record is Thomas Tupper.

How our fathers managed to clear their farms, build their houses, and worship God on the Sabbath day, all in one life-time, is a mystery. They had pluck and stuck. That Barnstable woman, a widow, on record, who, at seventy-five years of age breaking up a piece of new land and holding herself the plow, and when brought up against a stump, and thrown by the shock quite over it, yet recovering herself and going on as usual, is perhaps an extreme type of the people, who cleared Sandwich fields. No one, I think of the earliest houses here, or on the Cape now remains, a fact which would seem to show that these houses were rather frail structures.

The fact that in 1644 the Sandwich meeting-house was called "old" and had to be repaired is sufficient proof. The houses of which we have account were generally set by compass, north and south, with the front south for the winter sun, and so on clear days serving as a sundial to mark noon, (for there were no watches) or on a south-easterly hill slope away from the wind and near a spring, and were of two grades, according to the wealth of their builders. The poorer class of houses were all small, substantially of one room with a fireplace, in the middle, an oven on the back side often built out doors, except when the house itself, as often happened, was built into the hill bank for warmth and security of the fire place, few windows and fewer doors and less furniture. The timber was cut in the woods and sawed by hand and the cost of a house was chiefly the labor on it. The sill was laid on the ground, the floor was laid on sleepers below the sill which projected into the room all round, and served as a seat for children and to stow away household driftwood. Into this sill beam they bored two parallel rows of holes, some six inches apart. In these holes they set upright poles sharpened at either end, the upper end entering the plate above. They filled in the space between these poles with stones and clay to make firm walls and then they thatched the roof with what we call hereabouts "creek stuff" or "thatch." I should call a house like this a cabin — but it was not a "log cabin." In proof that this house penury is not over colored, I have only to cite from your own town records of 1650, when it was agreed upon by the town that there shall be a levy of £5 for Mr. Leveridge" (the first minister) to pay for removing and parting of his house with boards which was long since promised to be done for him by the town." If the parson lived in substantially an unpartitioned barn, his parishioners probably fared no better. Such houses indeed were not expensive. Andrew Hallett's house in Barnstable in 1643 was "latched, thatched and daubed," as the phrase was, for £5. Considering the greater purchasing power of money then, and yet this was a very cheap house. But perhaps I can better show you how the forefathers lived, hereabouts, by describing one of the better houses built in Barnstable in 1642 and taken down some sixty years ago,

when the timbers were found to be as sound as ever. This was a larger house, 22 feet front; 26 feet rear; front room 16 feet square; low in the walls, with a summer beam across the front room, parallel with the front wall; a kitchen back, and a bedroom in north-east corner, with low walls and floor some two feet above the other floors to make room for the cellar underneath. There was also a front chamber over the main room reached by a ladder and with a small fire-place in it. The rest, I fancy, above stairs, was garret. The front chamber was usually reached by a ladder and the kitchen back stairs were often a round pine log rising at an angle of some 45 degrees from the kitchen floor with cleats nailed on it or notches made in it, by which people mounted to their beds under the eaves. Persons proposing that feat of life and limb, ought to have had clear heads and to have been home early. The walls of a house like this were built very much as those I have heretofore described. But there was no plastering in any house hereabouts till after 1700. Yet the daubing with clay would make a house comfortable. The fireplace was the main feature of all such old houses. It was 8 feet wide, 4 feet deep and 5 1-2 feet high, so that a tall housewife could go to her oven in the right-hand corner without stooping. There was a hook on each andiron to hold the spit, on which to roast meats. The narrow mantle-piece of wood was the whole length of the fire-place and the broad hearth was of flat stones from the field. The chimney was of rough stones up to the chamber floor, and from thence of cobwork, i. e., of sticks fastened or framed together and daubed inside and out with clay and sometimes mortar. From the shell heaps of the Indians they made admirable lime, and laws were passed at an early date to prevent the carrying shells out of the colony for that purpose. There was no glass in these houses, but oiled paper was used instead. The front roof was always shorter than the back; the second story often projected over the first in a broad cornice. They were often added to by *Cantos*. The house I last described, in 1825 covered more than four times its original ground. Better houses in rare cases came in, as men had more money and more leisure, before 1700. Bricks of a very large size made their appearance, and sawed lumber from Scituate,

where were saw mills; diamond-shaped glass, set in lead; front stairs, and sound, fat chimneys, plaster, wood finish and more rooms. Yet there are few houses, even of this later date, remaining either in Barnstable or Sandwich. Perhaps the Bourne house, fronting your common, built, I suppose, by Hon. Meltiah Bourne, who married in 1692-93, for his bride, probably about that time, is as good a specimen as any extant in this town. The old square, fat, dignified houses about your lower mill pond and along the Falmouth road are all, I take it, after 1700, and some after the Revolution. It is a great pity that specimens of our old houses cannot be preserved in every Pilgrim town, if necessary, at the public expense and oversight as public monuments. Posterity will miss them bitterly; and neither they nor we can re-create the Pilgrim antiquity.

Now a word as to your ancient meeting-houses. Your first meeting-house, several times repaired, was rather small, looked probably very much like a thatched barn, with oiled paper windows and wooden shutters; and all traces of it have disappeared. It stood near the site of the present meeting-house of the first parish; was used, as was the house which succeeded it, for your town meetings, which opened with prayer, as did all the military drills, and was the centre of the town activities. In front of it and at the junction of the roads was the market place where bargains were made, goods delivered or exchanged. The old market place very much resembles the one at Plymouth, and the one at Barnstable at the west foot of Meeting House Hill, at the junction of roads there, and looks at least in size and location very much as any market place in the country towns of England of that date. House building of all kinds improved as property accumulated, and your second meeting-house on the same site was a much better and larger building erected in 1756. After all its enlargements and during all its years it looked the very beau ideal of a Puritan meeting house — certainly as broad as long and must have been a comfortable homelike structure. The plan shows galleries and doors on three sides — the pews were square with seats on hinges so as to be lifted up when the worshippers stood in prayer, two tables, I suppose for hymn books, in the middle, the deacon's seat un-

der the pulpit, with square pews each side the pulpit, and round the four sides of the house; to the honor of our forefathers, behind the front or transverse aisle before the pulpit, and running the whole width of the building, on the right of the main aisle, as one looked from the pulpit, seats for aged women, and on the left, seats for aged men. The galleries were also rich in aisles with square pews round the sides with front seats for men and women, divided as below. The male and female singers sat in the choir separate in the same order, at the end opposite the pulpit and the two corner pews farthest from the pulpit, with the like division of the sexes, were given over to Indians, negroes and mulattoes. After the enlargement of 1756, the pews, having sold for more than the outlay, a steeple was ordered, and a new bell; also that doors be put to the seats below; curtains be placed at such windows as are exposed to the sun, and that a place be provided for the colored people, that they be not allowed to sit below, or on the stairs. Mordecai Ellis and Joshua Fish were appointed "to take care of the young people who are often very rude on the Lord's day, and when any do offend return them to a Justice of the Peace to be dealt with according to the law." It appears that two young misses were fined in 1767 for laughing in meeting, and afterward upon petition the town remitted the penalty. I need only to mention as I paas on, the meeting-house built at Scusset about 1725, the fruits of a very curious schism in Sandwich parish, parts of which, not long ago, served as a barn door in Pocasset, and the timbers of the building, some time after 1800, were used to build the meeting-house on the hill at upper Pocasset.

I wish, however, to point out the fact, novel to some of you, that the first meeting-house built in the English fashion, that is of sound and lasting material, was one curiously enough, for the Indians at Herring River, on that sporadic hill standing alone, and backing west on the river where are still rows of Indian graves in the grass, and the foundation lines of this house still visible, built at the expense of Judge-Samuel Sewall, of Boston, by Edward Milton, carpenter, and under the supervision of Capt. Thomas Tupper, then and long after a missionary to the Indians. The description and details of this building are in the Diary and Letter Book of

Judge Sewall, lately published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Let me read a few extracts.

Sept. 26, 1687. To Edward Milton, carpenter at Sandwich.

Capt. Thos. Tupper tells me that he hath bargained with you to build a convenient, comfortable meeting-house for the natives at Sandwich; the dimensions about four and twenty foot in length, about eighteen foot broad, with two galleries to be finished for thirty pounds, not above one-third in money. Now if it may in any way forward the work, I do engage that upon the finishing of the work, you shall not miss of your pay. I am your friend and servant,

SAMUEL SEWALL.

April 13, 1688, Elder Chipman visits me and tells me that the Indian meeting-house at Sandwich is raised.

To Mr. Edward Milton, July 9, 1688.

I received yours of the 3d inst. In answer to it, say that upon Capt. Tupper's sending me word that the house is ceiled as it ought to be, I will pay you five and twenty shillings in money to you or to your order. If it be not well filled between the clapboards and the ceiling, I doubt the house will be cold.

S. S.

Dec. 3, 1690.

Writ to Edward Milton at Sandwich to finish the meeting-house there, by making and well hanging the doors, clapboarding in the inside well and filling the walls with shavings or other suitable matter for warmth, making the gallery stairs; and I would pay him 40s money. Writ to Mr. Faunce, of Plymouth, and Jno. Otis of Barnstable, to glaze well the meeting-house which Capt. Tupper saith is about 60 foot of glass and I would pay in money as glaziers are paid in Boston. Capt. Tupper to certify that the work was done.

N. B. Send 1000 of clapboards nails.

Sept. 14, 1691.

Writ to Capt. Thomas Tupper to hasten finishing the meeting-house. Inclosed Edward Milton's affidavit.

Standing thus among the old meeting-houses reminds us that in our Pilgrim civilization, the church was the very heart of the state, and so far as the Pilgrim conscience set things spiritual above things material, the state existed for the church, and for a time there was the most intimate union of church and state known in history. This fact of a church so dominant, colors the whole civic life of ancient Sandwich

and determined its municipal regulations. The Puritan, after he had made a law, enforced it, on the ground that any law become a dead letter on the statute book, helps kill respect for law. Several of the leading men of this town, not two years after its settlement, and scattered on farms all the way from Sagamore to Scorton Hill, were fined for not wiring their swines' snout; not because the swine had done mischief, but that the law might suffer no damage. These fines were paid. It was ordered that any person denying the scriptures to be a rule of life should be flogged at the discretion of the magistrates, saving only life and limb. The law fined in the Colony a man 10s. for drinking overmuch; 12s. for a man's smoking on the highway; 30s. for Sabbath breaking and set one hour in the stocks; for working on Sunday, a man was whipped severely at the whipping post; a man for selling beer at two pence per quart, worth only one, was presented by the Grand Jury; while yet another, for selling a pair of boots and spurs for 15s. which cost him only 10s., was fined 30s. Laws like these enforced in some towns now, would, I fancy, make several empty purses and sore backs. There was a law in both colonies substantially to this effect; "Whereas divers person unfit for marriage, both in regard to their years and also their weak estate, (that is, too young and lacking shekels) some practising the inveighling of men's daughters, and maids under guardianship, contrary to their parents and guardians liking, and of maid servants without liberty of their masters; therefore, it is decreed that if any man make motion of marriage to any man's daughter or maid, without first obtaining leave of her parents, guardian or master, he shall be punished by fine not exceeding £5 (the price of a cow) or corporal punishment, or both, at the discretion of the court." I suppose a law like this made trouble for the callow swains, but must have been a real comfort to the Pilgrim matrons with marriageable daughters. That law also was put in force, even in the case of a governor's daughter. There was no law against the daughters proposing. Then as now they were a law unto themselves. There was also a Sandwich law forbidding a young man to marry unless he had killed his quota of blackbirds, demanded by the town. That was a hard one — for the birds and the

young man also. I have always pitied him going out afield with his gun. Birds and a wife or no birds and no wife; so the law said. How could he shoot straight, so perturbed! I am sure — was he not a Pilgrim?— that he got his birds and *she* smiled on her husband. Old men over 70 years of age were excused from the blackbirds.

Let me make these blackbirds the text for a digression. Unfriendly critics are always saying that the Puritans were a quarrelsome set and given to war. Suppose they were. Was there not a cause? They had quarrelled with an ancient church and crown, but unless our American democracy is a mistake, they took therein sides with man and his great destiny. Here in New England, the Puritan was by fate, a warrior; always either preparing arms or using them. Why not? On this sea-board, going out with his vessel on the high seas often, never in those days vacant of pirates, he was exposed at home and on his voyage to the fate of war, on every occasion when the British crown involved itself in a struggle with Dutch, French or Spaniard. He was alone on the edge of the sea, and England three thousand miles away, in an unknown wilderness, peopled with savages, strong tribes of which dwelt almost at his door. Is it any wonder that Edmund Freeman gave twenty corslets of steel to his townsmen, or that Sandwich in time of peace and in its poverty, agreed to pay butter and meal to the man going to buy them arms? If at any time, prior to the end of the last French war, they had disarmed or forgot to drill, they would have been reckless beyond any measure of common prudence, and even then, the rumble of the coming Revolution was heard by the wiser sort. I am not ready to deny that a weaker race, like the French or Spanish might not have successfully encountered any one of the distresses, which the Puritan underwent. Their colonial history shows that they never could have conquered them all. The Puritan carried about with him a heavy pack of trials. Take the vermin and enemies of his crops for instance. Wild pigeons in flocks, blackbirds, then as now, clamorous and greedy, wolves more than enough, foxes to kill his lambs, and the forest teeming with multitudes of meaner brutes, by day and night gnawing away at his success in farming; and he killed right and

left, whatever in land or water molested him, as grimly and industriously as though he were in a campaign. In the year 1792 all the men of this town were called out to hunt a wolf. The Spanish colonists over the southern half of this western continent succumbed to the overplus of the land's natural riches and became shiftless and lazy. The Puritan wrestled with an adverse soil and climate, to live and grow rich in a society full of frugality, industry and economic foresight, -- moulding his circumstance to his will. Is it any wonder that, in this constant strife for life, he was sometimes hard, stiff-necked, wilful or even cruel? "No man," said Gœthe, "should judge another until he has stood in his place." Again; they blame the Puritan that he did not affiliate with the Indians as the French in Canada, or even the Spaniards did. Well, they have the hopeless mixed race of the peons in Mexico, and the half-breeds in Canada. One thing, at least, is true of the Puritans, except those of the baser sort. He was too proud of his blood to taint it. He carried himself with a haughty reserve in his intercourse with the friendly but abject race which was about him, but he never incurred the danger, so frequently seen in history, where the inferior race subdues the civilization of its conquerors by an admixture of servile blood. It is not the least of his virtues that the Puritan left New England to the English.

The Pilgrim had a great respect for the laws, for he made them, and in them, he respected his own sober judgment. The same respect for law to this day, abides deep-seated in the men of that stock. If the Pilgrim law could punish, it could also protect, and our forefathers always stood upon their rights. If a man would plough across his neighbor's line, there was either a lawsuit or an arbitration. Dexter, who built your first mill sued Gov. Endicott in his own colony for striking him, and at the March term of court in 1648–49 he had eight cases, and recovered in seven. The same Dexter held out six years against the town of Barnstable, as to his rights on Scorton Neck, and gained his case but lost money. I may as well illustrate the current temper of your ancestors in law matters by quoting Gov. Endicott's answer to the court in Boston, 1631. "I hear I am com-

plained of by goodman Dexter, for striking him, understanding since, it is not lawful for a Justice of the Peace to strike. But if you had seen the manner of his carriage, with such daring of me, with his arms akimbo, it would have provoked a very patient man. He has given out, if I had a purse he would make me empty it, and if he cannot have justice here, he will do wonders in England; and if he cannot prevail there, he will try it out with me here at blows. If it were lawful for me to try it at blows, and he a fit man for me to deal with, you would not hear me complain." In the last sentence of the governor's, you may see what I am calling the English bloodgoing close to dominating the Puritan creed. Dexter recovered from Gov. Endicott £10 as damages. Your forefathers were always jealous of their town limits. If there was any trouble with Barnstable, as there was at Scorton, the towns sent trusty men promptly to the ground travelled over it, argued it, settled it on the spot or referred it. Sandwich folk put themselves in the place of the King in the matter of drift whales — whales then abounding in yonder bay. These whales belonged from time immemorial to the crown. Plymouth claimed them as such; but Sandwich took them — divided the profits among the townsmen — later on gave them by town vote, to their pastor, Rev. Rowland Cotton, as part of his salary, just as they voted the revenue they derived from a tax on mackerel to the support of the public schools. All this, you see, was only a Primary school to teach their posterity, when time was Revolution against George III. I have said before as much — this Pilgrim or Puritan had come in six hundred years to think that a man — a human being — a soul, is a divine unit, a holy molecule for which all things were, never to be abated in his privilege, and over whom, by an eternal fitness, there should be but one sovereign — God, and under him he would inherit liberty as a birthright.

The economic and every-day phases of the old Sandwich life, as they show across two centuries and a half are picturesque and many-colored, not a few high-colored. An old race in a new land is apt to beget strong contrasts, and it was so here. Into or through this town have come and gone men of high station, out of old lands, and the story of their lives,

if we could read it, would sound like the wildest romance. There are names of citizens, on your old records, like that of Garrett, which connect themselves, as the student of history perceives at a glance, with some of the bitterest passages of the English Reformation. The name of Dorsetshire, for instance, in a genealogical table of any family of this town, opens the gate to a flood of meditation. Upper Cape Cod was full of the men of Kent, to the student of history a fact leading to some singular speculations. I wish, just here, to point out one curious felicity, if it may be called so, in the mixed but English population of the Old Colony. Every English shire, as is well known, in the old days had its own peculiar customs, legends and folklore coloring its social life. But here our people were out of all the shires and by consequence here was a singular medley of legends, superstitions, old saws, household customs and furniture, very interesting to the student curious in such matters. There are those now living, who touched a generation, believing in witches and the fabled gold of Capt. Kidd, in elves and fairies fond of moonlight and the grass rings afield, where was dancing not of this world — just as men believed in English cottages twenty centuries back. I have heard ancient women scare a naughty child into good behavior by the threat "I will send old Tilly after you," and I fancy that this somehow is out of the Thirty Years war in Germany where Count Tilly, as at Magdeburg, used the cruelest sword of any upon German Protestants, and that so came this threat into the mouths of English mothers here and abroad. Nearly all these old customs of speech and thought have passed away and are not recorded. Their prototype and copy are undoubtedly still extant in England or at least recorded in their local and shire histories. It is there, I take it, that these more evanescent elements of our old Colonial life still left, must be explained and verified.

There are at least two names still on this Cape, which illustrate a singular and sinister fact in English history; Higgins and Kelly, both Irish names. A law was passed in the first year of William and Mary (1688) by which the industries of Ireland were substantially wiped out. By consequence thousands of North of Ireland men emigrated to these

colonies, Higgins and Kelley being two of them. I fancy the Presbyterians of North Carolina, who proclaimed their independence, sometime before the Continental Congress, were among the victims of this injustice, and that wherever these emigrants were they were found implacable enemies of the English crown — another instance of the old saw that "curses like chickens fly home to roost."

Let me sketch for you a brief picture of this old-time life and shade it with such colors as your records show. We will make it, if you like, the third day of September in almost any year you choose, between 1650 and 1700. We will make it also — for we are masters of our own imagination, a yellow, hazy, autumn day, when the golden rod bends graciously towards the late grasses and the Cape sky has put on its cool robe of liquid blue. We will stand in the rough square, fronting the meeting-house and watch what comes along, or is in sight. It is a little curt village round about. Houses there are among the hills and scattered at long intervals, from Sagamore hill to Scorton. Yet everybody likes to live near the mill, the market and the meeting. Perhaps we hear the rumble of the mill-wheel at the pond and know that the stream below is swift running over the old stones, as it has run for the amaze and joy of all the children of the town. We see the cattle are on Town neck, lazy and busy. The meeting-house has, for us, some rather singular embellishments. There is a wolf's head nailed up in plain sight, for all to see it. Wolves have troubled the fathers of this town not a little. They have thought to build a palisade wall from Scusset bluffs to Buzzards Bay, but on having had it proved to them that this wall will keep in more wolves than it will keep out, they have given up the plan. And here is coming along just now a squad of Mashpee Indians with a wolf's head among them, bareheaded, blanketed — one long heavy gun in the crowd, with plenty of bows and arrows, and a squaw with a papoose in a basket on her back, who has joined these hunters to share their good luck in a little white man's firewater, after they are paid the £2 this wolf's head calls for out of the town treasury, which is never over full. They have had better luck than Benjamin Bodfish on the north side of Scorton hill, when he struck at a wolf

in his trap with a rotten club, and the wolf sprang at him, broken trap and all, so that only a swift dodge saves him a whole skin, or enables him ever to eat another dinner. The selectmen and hunters will keep at these wolves and have their hands full to boot, until the last Sandwich wolf is laid on the town hall steps, and your selectmen pay the last bounty in 1838. But in 1654 the Old Colony will bag nineteen wolves; in 1655, 31; 9 in Barnstable; in 1690, 13; in 1691, 19.

There are also some curious machines we see near the meeting-house door. They are the stocks and whipping post; very useful furniture, our fathers thought, to hinder men from stealing chickens or their neighbors' provisions, to keep a scold's tongue quiet, or a lazy fellow from the work-house, or a mean man from beating his wife; and besides, there is no county jail to send them to and pay their board out of the county tax. There is no punishment going on today — very few ever suffer so in any town of the Cape; but there are the implements to enforce the law, and woe to the offender. We shall, therefore, miss the crowd which would have assembled; the constable with his sword and other badge of office — the grave, grim Pilgrim in his round hat, over his long hair, with dogs and some stray, mute Indians in the background. It gives us a good look into our forefathers' larders, as well as court matters, that one hungry thief took from a house, venison, beef, butter, cheese, bread and tobacco, value, 12d, and was whipped at the post with 28s costs. This very week down Plymouth road came armed men, going down the Cape to look out for some shipwrecked pirates; a family going the same way to settle, the big boys and men on foot; and the other way went an Indian scout from an Eastham chief; two farmers, with a quarrel, to the court; an executor, with a will for probate, and sundry others. Since we have stood here there have passed a husband and wife on horseback, she on a pillion behind him (for there is not a carriage in the county) going up the Falmouth road, by the old Academy lot, to take the hill road to Barnstable town, on a visit to a married daughter who is sick. And here comes two Puritan maidens, red cheeks, russet hands, good, wholesome, healthy girls, who helped their father in the late har-

vest; with a red hood over the blonde hair, and were it colder, a red cloak of good honest wool homespun; but in September they wear a lighter fabric, checked, the neatest of starched aprons, with a colored kerchief about the neck and crossed over the bust; and other raiment not to be too closely inspected by masculine eyes at least — but anyhow, two young women who will do their share in building up this town. They are not laughing, and all the young men are afield — they are demure, self-contained, reticent, as Pilgrim maidens are. Sweet sleep and a happy future to them both.

Of course there are other Pilgrim folk at home, of a more select toilet and strain, Madam Cotton, for instance, the parson's wife, with her relations with the Saltonstalls and Boston Cottons; and dames like her, will have one elaborate silk and brocade dress, which they will devise to their eldest daughters for two or three generations. They have mourning rings, not much jewelry, no silver forks nor any other; but there is silver plate and more of it comes in as times prosper, and this plate is like a bank book, easily turned into money. I doubt whether there is what we call a looking glass in the whole town. What the Puritan maidens substituted for one is past my finding out; for one of some sort most certainly they had, being Eve's daughters. I know, however, the most charming one hereabouts. It is the spring at the hill foot, near the house, when going like Rebecca to the well she may see in that clear mirror of living waters, with the throbbing white sand below, a Pilgrim maiden's face. Grace to the face, say I. Who would not like to have gone to the spring with such a charming foremother and brought back, with a bow, the pitcher, well paid with a smile? Perhaps some fastidious descendant of such simplicity starts back from such rusticity in her ancestors. Since she will not start back in her own career, I take it, from her ancestors' perennial grace and virtue, I will soothe her pride with the assurance that few of that age in New England but were, so to speak, in the same boat. Gov. Dudley of Massachusetts Bay tells us that his ink freezes while he writes at his kitchen fire, and the Winthrops, gentlemen above most, had often, not one candle to their name in Boston town, and were not below turning an envelope, sent them, inside out and return-

ing it, in lack of other paper, to some other correspondent. The world does move, and it moves on and up. Queen Elisabeth would hold a bit of chicken in her fingers and after, throw the bone down among the rushes on the floor, though Burleigh and her cabinet were by, and typhus fever would come to England's palaces, as it had come, one fall, in her sister Mary's reign, when nearly the whole of the English episcopate died in consequence. Charlemagne was not as comfortably lodged at Ingleheim as many a mechanic in your town today, nor were the mediæval barons fed as well as many a thrifty citizen of Sandwich now. The old days may be days of romance, but the full feast of creature comforts stands with us.

Yet our ancestors insisted that every man and woman should keep his own place in his own class; in this loyal to English custom but not to the Lollard drift. At one time there was only one man in this county ranked as a gentleman, and entitled to be writ down Esquire. Only a few here were called Mr.; a few more are described as Goodman or Goodwoman So and So, and the rest as plain John Smith or Brown. It was very much later on — in fact since 1800, that a certain lady in a neighboring town held up both hands in holy horror because the blacksmith put on a Sunday suit of black, saying the times were out of joint, when a mechanic could wear a dress belonging to a class above him. I think there was a deal ofthis temper both at Sandwich and Barntable, and that the division of your common lands, differing as it did from your neighbors, especially shows it.

The first great problem put to the Sandwich Pilgrim as a citizen of Plymouth Colony came to him in what are known as the Quaker troubles. I ask leave of the venerable Society of Friends, as they have always loved to call themselves, to use a term which was given them as a reproach, but out of which the sting has long since gone. I use it with a gesture of life-long respect for a most peaceable and gracious body of men and women, whom I learned to honor long ago, and who have remained for generations here, and are held to be among our most worthy and thrifty citizens. I think that their Sandwich Quarterly meeting is almost the oldest in the world. The four great years of this bitterness were from

1657 to 1661; but the trouble was brewing long before 1656, when the first Quakers came to New England. Men of a certain quality of mind were dissatisfied with the church rule which disfranchised so many. They did not like laws which, as they thought, were always needlessly hampering their personal behaviors. They wanted a more mellow and rounded life than that which Puritan fanaticism proposed, and were ready to join forces with any who would assist in change. The Quaker came and his theory of religion, undermined, if carried out, the whole civil and ecclesiastical polity of the Puritans. The men dissatisfied already, not Quakers, nor Puritans, according to men like Gov. Hinckley, welcomed them, or at least were averse to meddling with them. There were more Quaker troubles in Sandwich than in any other town in Plymouth Colony, not because the Sandwich men were more cruel (the exact opposite is true) but because there were more Quakers here. There were more Quakers here, partly because persecution begets sympathy and breeds converts, and Sandwich folk have never liked to be let or hindered by anyone. The greater part, many of the better kind especially, were averse to troubling them. My proof is that the Selectmen refused to oversee or order the flogging of them, and some, in consequence, were taken to Barnstable to undergo that punishment and that the Plymouth Court sent a stranger, George Barlow, to be marshal here, to carry out the law, and forced him as a citizen upon the town; that Edmund Freeman, easily the first Sandwich man of his day, was left off seven years as an assistant, and others were put back from office, and above all the history of the Sandwich church, almost from the beginning. Mr. Leverick was minister — a peacable man and who must have been while in office, in harmony with the Plymouth officials, and who left his parish for Long Island, probably in order to get rid of the turmoil around him. Your next settled minister was Rev. John Smith, formerly of Barnstable, and later of Long Island, in 1676. The tradition in his family is that he went to Long Island because he would not persecute Quakers in the colony, and came to Sandwich because this parish could settle nobody who had been implicated in these persecutions, and upon the explicit understanding

that he would lift no hand against them. On these two grounds rested the chronic struggle in the Sandwich church which went on almost to the Revolution viz: a general dissent on the part of some, from current Pilgrim politics, and a special aversion to harming Quakers; as I put it, the English Lollard temper pitted against the narrower Genevan Calvinism. Of course the memory of the wrongs done here to the Quakers kept alive the bitterness and accounts for the general drift of church affairs in Sandwich. If I am asked, how, if Sandwich people in general were averse to persecution, the Quakers suffered so much, the answer is, that on the first alarm the Plymouth authorities disfranchised every Quaker, and would allow no new citizen to be made here, except he sympathised with the persecutors, that the Sandwich church members at this time were not numerous, and finally, that it was inevitable, according to the law of chances, that the outside pressure should weigh down the scales in such a state of affairs, in favor of the standing order and persecution. You will allow me perhaps to fortify my position, and to explain the general view of the mal-contents, by quoting from a letter written in 1658 by Gen. James Cudworth, at one time of Barnstable — one of the most useful and honest men ever in the Old Colony, who died, as the agent of the colony, in London, 1682, first premising, that for this letter and his general position he was put under heavy bonds to stand his trial, which was never had, and for a time kept out of office, as Edmund Freeman and others were.

He writes, "As for the state and condition of things amongst us, it is sad, and like so to continue; the anti-Christian persecuting spirit is very active, and that in the powers of this world. He that will not whip and lash, persecute and punish men that differ in matters of religion, must not sit on the bench nor sustain any office in the Commonwealth. Last election Mr. Hatherly and myself left off the bench, and myself discharged of my captainship, because I had entertained some of the Quakers at my house (thereby that I might be the better acquainted with their principles.) I thought it better to do so, than with the blind world to censure, condemn, rail at and revile them, when they neither saw these persons nor knew any of their principles. But the Quakers and

myself cannot close in diverse things; and so I signified to the court I was no Quaker, but must bear my testimony against sundry things, that they held, as I had occasion and opportunity. But withal, I told them, that as I was no Quaker, so I would be no persecutor." Elsewhere in this letter he says: "Diverse have been whipped with us in our patent; and truly, to tell you plainly, that the whipping of them with that cruelty, as some have been whipped and their patience under it, has sometimes been the occasion of gaining more adherence to them than if they had suffered them openly to have preached a sermon. In the Massachusetts, after they have whipped them they cut their ears; they have now, at last, gone the fatherest step they can, they banish them upon pain of death, if they ever come there again. We expect that we must do the like; we must dance after their pipe. Now Plymouth saddle is on the bay horse, we shall follow them on their career. For it is well, if in some there be not a desire to be their apes and imitators in all their proceedings in tnings of this nature."

The laws against Quakers were indeed cruel. If any entertained a Quaker, though but a quarter of an hour, the fine was £5, or as money then was, a year's pay of a laboring man. If anyone saw a Quaker, and did not inform the constable, though six miles away, he was to be punished by the court, as it saw fit. If there was a Quaker meeting in any man's house, he was fined 40s., the preacher 40s., and every hearer 40s., though not a word was said. When caught they were sent to prison and kept on bread and water; no Friend might bring them food or speak with them, nor might they spend their own money to buy a bit of meat. They were fined for every Sunday they did not go to the Pilgrim meeting, and for every time they went to a Quaker one. Indeed how any Quaker managed to come out of this persecution with a shilling or a foot of land, passes my understanding, except that Sandwich folk managed not to carry out the law and the cruelty was brief. As it was, there were taken from them in three years, one hundred twenty-nine cattle, three horses and nine sheep, in value about £700. The names of twenty-one of these victims are given, of which the names of Allen, Gifford, Jones, Jenkins, Ewer, Perry, Wing, are still

here. There are seven Allens in this roll of fame. The fines of William Allen alone amounted to near £87. An incident in his fate may be in place.

William Allen found a good estate gone into his fines. Of all his movables a cow, left out of pity, the little corn remaining and a bag of meal with a few articles of furniture were all that remained and he was living on bread and water in Boston jail. The heartless marshal came to collect additional fines, this time drunk. He seized the cow and the meal, but that was not enough. When he seized the goodwife's only copper kettle with a mock, he said, "Now Priscilla how will thee cook for thy family and friends, thee has no kettle." The brave, sweet answer was "George, that God who hears the ravens when they cry, will provide for them. I trust in that God, and I verily believe the time will come when thy necessity will be greater than mine." The goods were carried away and the drunken marshall lived to fulfil the prophecy.

The Quakers do not appear to have flinched. They had tough hearts of English oak, and the scourging marred but did not rend. They held their meetings in an Allen's house and as the tradition goes in Cristopher's Hollow, well known to many of us, a charming spot, well chosen, with this advantage, that Plymouth Court could not fine the greenwoods of Almighty God 40s. for entertaining a harmless people, made outlaws by the public code, and in the name of the patient one of Nazareth, who himself had not where to lay his head. Sept. 9, 1661 by order of King Charles II, all persecution ceased in both colonies, and the suffering ended.

While I am not called upon to discuss, in all ways, the nature of this lamentable controversy, the time is now late enough to make, in a mixed audience like this, composed largely, as it must be, of descendants of both parties to the transaction, a few reflections, without offence to any. First, then, there is no law of historical criticism more fixed than this; that the men of any age are to be judged by the ethics of that age, and not by the ethics of any other. We are all agreed that persecution for opinion is altogether wrong. But in the 17th century all the churches persecuted; Anglican, Roman, Puritan. If we do not blame the Puritan

for his part, neither have we a right to blame any other church for its part in this saddest of religious tragedies. Again, the Puritan, up to a certain point, could make out a very strong case for his own conduct. He might say "I chartered this ship of state and hold the helm, and you Quakers have come on board and refuse to obey orders. If the ship goes ashore I am shipwrecked, and you as well, and I mean to make my own voyage in my own way and at my own hazard. If you Quakers rise in mutiny I will put you down with a strong hand, as a matter of self-preservation, which is a supreme law with all men." He would not even listen if told that his charts were wrong or that he was off his course. He simply said, "I sail this ship."

By the Quaker theory the Puritan ship was to be pulled in pieces by its own crew in mid-seas, and an entirely new one built, which had never been tried. I think the Quaker was right by the Puritan chart, but both were proved wrong by the actual shore. For instance, the Puritan had said to the English Church, "I will not have you or any other church as a daysman between me and the author of my salvation. Therefore I build my own church in my own way with just those ordinances and no others, which give me grace and comfort. My soul shall reach my Maker by my personal volition and in my chosen way. The logical Quaker made answer "Certainly, the soul itself touches God, simply because God touches it personally, soul with soul. That is my doctrine of the inner Light. Why then need of your ordinances of baptism and a supper, your pulpits and your steeple houses, if the Christian is he who carries Christ in his own soul, and so to speak, beneath his own waistcoat." So far and upon Puritan grounds the Quaker was quite right. Nay, he had a right, at least to be let alone to go his way, upon the basis of 300 years of the Lollard movement in England. In my judgment, George Fox proved the final incoherence and impossibility of the whole ecclesiastical system of Puritanism. That system has already passed. Only this further; our mother, the earth, covers speedily with her mantle of green, the fiercest battlefield, the foot of the whipping post, the spot where the martyrs' ashes cooled from the fire, and where the blood of the best or worst dripped from the scaffold. So let

the mantle of a great human charity cover the memory of all those of every creed, who in any age, smote their fellows with persecutions in the name of God, and let those who still stand outside their graves, lay in religion what stress they like upon another's conscience, provided that stress be only the heart throbs of those eager to persuade their fellows to truth and duty.

In 1675 King Phillip's war began and created the second great crisis in the history of this ancient town. It was very much a war of extermination on both sides. Your town records, I believe, have not many passages of interest, touching this war, as often the town appears to have been too busy to do much writing. Indeed, the fact came very near being left to outside witnesses, that Sandwich joined with her sister towns of the Cape, at the height of the common distress, in inviting the outlying towns of the colony most exposed, to come with their families and live with them until the danger was overpast. Nor can we fail to admire the courage with which the same afflicted towns answered, after due thanks, that they could not leave their post, but would take what God sent them there. Sandwich paid its assessments of men and money and went its way. The four colonies engaged in that war, Massachusetts, Plymouth, Rhode Island and Connecticut, had a population of from 35,000 to 50,000, with which to confront the Indian tribes; Plymouth reckoning 7500. In that war 600 of the best died, twelve or thirteen towns were destroyed and the war debt of Plymouth Colony nearly equalled all its personal property. Boston and Connecticut made donations and there came, curiously enough, a single gift from abroad, £125 from the city of Dublin. I do not know under exactly what circumstances that money was sent out of the chief city of the warm-hearted, ever-generous, Irish race. But it may be noted as an instance of the subtle interchange of forces in human history that more than a century after, in the Irish famine, the descendants of the same Puritans sent wheat to Ireland, and to be further noted that by a movement and a dogma, now six centuries old the men of Puritan stock are bound to hold that the people are always to be let alone to rule themselves, whether at Berlin, St. Petersburgh or Dublin.

All know that the theatre of King Phillip's war was never transferred to the Cape. No Cape tribe ever joined Philip, nor had the Cape any outbreak. On the other hand, many of the Cape Indians served against Philip, and prisoners were kept by the friendly tribes until the war was over. But it may not be generally known that this good fortune was chiefly due to Christian missionaries, like Richard Bourne, Thomas Tupper, Thornton of Yarmouth, Treat of Eastham, and the Mayhews of Martha's Vineyard, or that Bourne and Tupper were of this town. I have been able to find but comparatively few historical facts about Tupper, more than he was of the Sandwich church, that his field of labor was among the Herring River Indians and along Buzzards Bay, and that he died in old age greatly missed. Sandwich and Barnstable, at that time, abounded in Indians and the remnant of two tribes out of the four still surviving in this Commonwealth live to day within their ancient limits. But Richard Bourne was easily chief missionary on the Cape. Indeed he seems to have had a general oversight of the Indians from Middleboro to Provincetown. I suppose him to have been the ancestor of the Sandwich Bournes. He began his labors about 1658, and his lands lay along the Manomet river on the north side, from what is now Bournedale to Buzzards Bay, with an additional right to take yearly 12,000 herrings. He was ordained pastor of the church in Mashpee, about 1670, the apostles, Eliot and Cotton, assisting at his ordination. In his report made to Major Gookin from this town, Sept. 1, 1674, (the year before King Phillip's war,) he names twenty-two places where Indian meetings were held with an attendance of about 500. Of these, 142 could read Indian and so Eliot's Bible, seventy-two could write, and nine could read English. These Praying Indians increased in the eleven years following, (1685) to 1014, and there were in his limits, at least 600 warriors. These he controlled by his just and Christian behavior to them. Both English and Indians always took his advice in land sales between them as long as he lived. The Bournes, as the record shows, had a habit of freeing their slaves. So great was the Indians regard for the Bourne family, that long after his death, as late as 1723, when a Bourne child was prostrated by an appalling dis-

ease, said by the physicians to be incurable, the Indians came with medicine men and their incantations, the mother submitted her child to their simple remedies, and it was made whole. This story is vouched for by a highly respectable authority. I may sum up what Richard Bourne was to this town and Plymouth Colony, in the words of one of our Cape antiquarians, Amos Otis, a man, who by nature was "our Old Mortality," busy with cleaning the moss from Cape Cod families and gravestones, with gifts to have set him among the best in his favorite calling.

"The fact is Richard Bourne, by his unremitted labors for 17 years, made friends of a sufficient number of Indians, naturally hostile to the English, to turn the scale in Plymouth Colony and give the preponderance to the whites. He did this, and it is to him who does, that we are to award honor. Bourne did more, by the moral power which he exerted, to defend the old colony, than Bradford did at the head of his army. Laurel wreathes shade the brows of military heroes, their names are enshrined in a bright halo of glory, while the man who has done as good service for his country, by moral means, sinks into comparative insignificance and is too often forgotten."

Justice, as yet, has not been done to our great Sandwich missionary to the Indians, Richard Bourne. No man in Massachusetts did more for that doomed and vanishing race, than he. I would take no shred of honor from Eliot's fame; I am sure final history will do our townsman justice. But one thing some day should be done by somebody. Westward yonder where the gates of the hills end at the watershed between our bays, on that rounded hill where Samuel Sewall built his Indian meeting-house, and where the Indian graves are many, and looking down the Cape and across your bay thence visible, a statue should be raised to Richard Bourne and Thomas Tupper, Sandwich men, to tell the travellers as they speed by its base, how the men of the Pilgrim blood will not cease to honor their own who sacrificed themselves for their fellowmen, in all their generations.

In 1692, in the reign of William and Mary, Plymouth Colony, and so this town, became, by the order of the English government, a part of the Province of Massachusetts. The

change had, no doubt, its advantages, but it must have crossed sharply, the trend of Puritan politics, which was and is towards local government, and must have seemed an unnecessary centralization, and so an offence against the pure democracy of Plymouth Colony. The crown profited because it thus gathered into its own hands the lines of the already, uncertain movements of both colonies, and could better overlook, and if necessary, control their insubordination, or, as it might judge, their usurpations. Here may also close the first, or pioneer age of Sandwich. I have devoted so much time to this period of our town history, because in it are the roots of all the others, and it is the formative and mother period of our afterhistory.

The next period may be made to extend, as a convenience, from 1692 to 1776. As before, so now, Sandwich was slowly evolving itself from the wilderness and under the British Crown. In this period were politically, the French and Indian wars, and chronic and rather unsuccessful attempts to reconcile the antagonistic Puritan temper with the claims of the English government. There are two general reflections that may be made upon this period of Sandwich history. First, there was everywhere, in the Province of Massachusetts, a tendency to a decadence in what I may call personal character. This showed itself generally in the third generation. The original settlers were men out of England, who had touched, and to a degree, been mellowed by its ancient civilization — men who had felt the repose, at least, of an old realm and had been educated there. But their children and grandchildren knew only a wilderness — its hardship, penury, solitude and austerity. King Phillip's war had soured and hardened them greatly. Their pastors were, indeed lighthouses of learning, and instructed as best they could; but schools were intermittent, and often distant, the struggle for bread was always upon them to bury them in their farms; in many, the old Puritan fervor had burnt itself out, leaving the shell; and in general it may be said the wilderness was dragging these men down to it as the tropical plenty, South, dominated the Spanish blood to enervate. You may see, if you look closely, this fact in the portraits of the two Winslows — father and son — now in the rooms of

the Massachusetts Historical Society, two strong faces, where grace goes with the father.

The second general reflection is this; that in such a state of affairs, the connection of our people with the British crown, was a positive blessing many ways. It kept them, especially in political centres, like Boston, in contact with the civilized world elsewhere; it compelled them to keep the run of European politics, when a new war might imperil every Cape Cod fishing smack, and the timbers which they shipped to the Barbadoes, might become the prize of any foe to England. If the crown, through its royal governor, like Andros, put their property or liberty in jeopardy, it also roused them and sometimes stung them into discovering new ways of evading tyranny and toned them up to confront injustice with a firm and not over-courteous resistance. Witness the repeated refusal of the General Court of the Province to vote any governor any salary, except for one year, that they might hold the power of the purse in their own hands. All this made Massachusetts a training school for statesmen, and when time was, such men as Samuel Adams and Otis showed that they had been to school. There is writ of One in Scripture, that he causes even the wrath of man to praise him; and often in human affairs, the wrong done, by a subtle law of progress, enures to the benefit of those who suffer.

The recorded public events of this period, which, in any striking way add to the romance or interest of your history, are not many. July 20, 1756, there appeared at Manomet, near the old fort, of 1627 a strange company of people, speaking French, and in seven two-masted boats. Silas Bourne, Esq., wrote to Col. Otis, then in Boston: "They profess to be bound to Boston and want their boats carted across to the opposite bay. They have their women and children with them and say they were last from Rhode Island but previously from Nova Scotia." Mr. Bourne says, "I fear they may continue, when once in the bay, to miss Boston, and think it safe, therefore, to detain them." Ninety of them were accordingly distributed among the several towns, for safe keeping, until the matter could be better understood. Later on and the General Court ordered "that the canoes

left at Sandwich by the French neutrals, who deserted from the southern government, shall be sold." These people were Acadians, some of those 7000 broken-hearted, homeless people who were scattered from Maine to Geogia, of whom Longfellow tells us in Evangeline. It was the most miserable business, in my judgment, in the history of all this land. I have read their general fate in other town histories, where I find families broken up, children bound out to service, and themselves treated as paupers, until they have all disappeared leaving neither sign nor name. These wanderers in Manomet river were evidently Acadians who were trying to escape from the South to their old home. We may be sure they went no further. The late Deming Jarves once told me that in a great storm some year before 1820, the sand on Scussett beach, somewhere near the hills west, was washed away and disclosed the piles of their wharf and other relics. I think that in digging near there lately, they have found timbers, perhaps of the tide way of their mill. Strangers, ignorant of the language spoken here, Catholics of an ancient Church, without a priest, and doomed to live and die amongst men of an alien religion, who neither understood nor loved their faith, homesick for their native land beyond the bay which they would never see, and I can hardly imagine a fate more full of tears. God give them rest!

An old town like this is full of romance and pathos. How many life stories which if read would move our tears, forever to be unwritten, had for their last brief chapter, a grave in your ancient burying ground. How still and uncomplaining they all are in this day's festival; all passions cold in their ashes, regrets ended, their life's hunger for something better, or the love never returned or the presence that never came back from sea or camp, appeased; a broken, meagre life, perhaps, yet ever-aspiring; poets, as most are, who never wrote their song, but often thought one; maid and man, husband, wife, lover; all at rest two hundred years or so, by the pond, there in their stately sleep, in their voiceless palace with the unlighted lamps, at whose door no king knocks with a command; no mendicant care grovels with a request; whose sentinels are the birds and the stars which tonight, as ever, will keep vigil over the sacred ashes of what is

dead, while One keeps that which cannot die, and heard long ago the story.

When Capt. Mathew Fuller at Scorton died in 1678, his Scotch servant, Robert, was wrongly charged with having stolen his master's jewels. The charge so worked upon him, that he finally died of grief and starvation. The snow was so deep that the bearers halted to bury him on the north-east side of Scorton hill. I am told that of late years, two rough stones have been set to mark his grave and that the plough has, so far, spared the mound. Here, at least, was a man of honor and with self-respect. They manage these things otherwise, now-a-days. Now when a man steals a bank or a railroad, he seldom thinks of going to his grave. He goes to Canada.

I may show you several colors of your old town life by making an extract from Judge Sewall's diary, under date of "Seventh Day, April 3, 1714. Major Thaxter and I rid to Sandwich, accompanied by Mr. Justice Parker, Capt. John Otis, our pilot, Mr. John Denison, our chaplain. It did not rain, but wet, being an out wind," i. e. a wind off shore. "Got to Newcomb's, where we dined. (Sewall had been in the old Newcomb house by your lower pond several times before. I treated the Barnstable gentlemen. Mr Cotton, (then your minister) "Came to us and invited Maj. Thaxter and myself to his house. He had invited me at Plymouth. Mr. Justice Lynde returned homeward, having Mayo for his pilot." Guides you see were then necessary to strangers between here and Plymouth. Now we can get a glimpse into a Pilgrim minister's home, and so partly into the other homes here, then. "In the evening Mr. Cotton, (his wife had been a widow and a Saltonstall, and the Cottons raised a large family) made a short speech of God's mercies in the week past, sung part of the 103 Psalm to the tune of Winsor." The Pilgrims here had only four tunes and this was one. "Prayed." It was Saturday night. "Lord's Day," April 4. Mr. Cotton in the family reads Deut. 29th, sings the 12th, 13th, 14th verses of the 19th Psalm, to the tune of York; "another of the four tunes aforesaid. "Evening sung Psalm 118 4th part to the tune of St. David," Another. Then follows in Sewall's record a synopsis of Mr. Cotton's sermon from 2nd

Cor. 4: 4. It must have been a long one, a Gospel sermon, full of meat, as your forefathers judged spiritual food, full of shrewd applications to the hearers and shows Mr. Cotton to have been a clever, painstaking preacher. The sermon, as most then were, was probably written on small sheets of paper, the lines close together, to save expense, for paper was then high; and has probably long since gone where so many sermons, alas! are sure to go.

With this glimpse of the old Pilgrim life I proceed to some others. Mr. Cotton died in 1722, and the name if not the blood is extinct here. The same year Rev. Benjamin Fessenden became your minister, and his blood, happily for this town, is not extinct. Mr. Fessenden was, undoubtedly, a gentleman well educated, as all the clergy then were, a man of peace — as all his clerical brethren seem to have been before him — a man of strong character, I gather, and inclined to gather up the incidents of life before him here and might, had fate ordered, have shown a good hand at local history. He died August 7, 1746. I have often wished that Mr. Fessenden had kept a diary, as Sewall did. I wish he had told us what went on in these old houses roundabout; whether some Toby babe had blue eyes or black, when he baptized it; how some Pope bride looked and exactly what dress she wore when he married her, and whether the groom, Bassett, Chipman, Swift, Nye, or of whatever name, fumbled at his vest pockets and looked a trifle disconcerted during the ceremony; what time the swallows came; how cold the meeting-house was in winter, with nothing but a footstove, which the dames carried, and filled with coals between services, from his kitchen fire, as his house was near the meeting; whether the communion bread ever froze and rattled in the plates when the deacons carried it round, as it did in the Old South Church, Boston; indeed, a thousand trifles then, but precious stones, rubies and diamonds now. Old White of Selbourne, England, parson, wrote a book on his own parish, its natural life and antiquities, which will last as long as English is read. Here in this town, just at your feet, all around you are the same sort of riches, waiting for some one, with patience and craft enough to garner, to come and equal fame. Some young life, perhaps today, here present, will brace itself and make

ready. There is discovery possible in Sandwich, more useful than most in Africa or within the Antarctic Circle.

In the absence of any Fessenden diary, and indeed, of any other Sandwich man's, known to me, I will try to sketch some traits of our Sandwich home life, at least possible, both before and after 1700. I suppose that a full home bases itself on marriage and children. In looking over your town records, I am, first of all, struck by the fact that everybody is related by either birth or marriage to everybody else. Sandwich folk of the old stock seem to be all, more or less, cousins. I only limit the assertion by saying that, for obvious reasons, the Society of Friends seem to have married among themselves, although there are exceptions. Of course Sandwich people in general married at home, having good taste. But there were marital prisals and re-prisals, so to speak, going on between the neighboring towns, both west and east of us. I hope every one drew a prize in that sweet, dangerous lottery. I may assume that every one who won a Sandwich bride did. But the marriages were most frequent between Sandwich and Barnstable. I think those two towns, as the blood runs, were and came to be in the old days, very intimately mixed and intermarried. May our sister town, behind her sand barrier of her famous beach, and with her Great Marshes, for a thousand years send forth brides as charming as those who crossed Scorton Hill long ago. That stretch of road between Barnstable town and Sandwich, in the old days must have seen many a lover coming or going to his sweetheart; many a bride won and riding on a pillion behind the groom, somewhither. I hope no Sandwich man on such an errand ever came back crestfallen, and that no Barnstable bride ever found her groom to have sailed under false colors when he came to her harbour for a helpmate in this lonely world. I have reason to love people both sides of Scorton Hill. I always feel, when I travel over that road like wearing a buttonhole bouquet and putting on holiday apparel. I fancy to stand, hat in hand, by the roadside and salute with my profoundest bow these brides and grooms coming home to this old town. Some of them bear names that I learned to love fifty years ago. I even venture through the veil of a hundred years or so to kiss some babies

in Sandwich cradles, and I certainly wish all these travellers in this heyday of their hope all good wishes; that their cup may not be bitter, nor they drink it to the dregs, and that the passion of our mortal life, sent down as it were to put men to proof may leave all these brides and grooms at their death's day in their white sleep, with their work well done.

The home life of our people showed generally, an ascent toward comforts and the enjoyments of civilization. Children stand at meal time and are helped after their elders. Well-filled barns, with an ox for beef, hanging in them about Thanksgiving time, a fat wood pile for the winter, a stock of cows, a flock of sheep with the owner's mark on them, brought out of the woods in fall, plenty of wild game and fish helped make our people comfortable in doors. They rose early and wrought late, and there were few idlers. Prayers, morning and evening, and early to bed, plenty of exercise out doors and not a little for the women in; fresh air, pure water, plenty of the tonic of frost in the long winter days and nights, comfortable, homespun dresses, with a little finery and more starch; white sanded floors, brass andirons and candlesticks, well cleansed; the big pewter platters scoured to brightness; some ancient china; big chests plethoric with honest woollen blankets and linen sheets. These things and many other like, made a circumstance and an environment which tended to much actual comfort. Then on winter nights, especially, with the frost outside and the sleeping chambers overhead, quite as cold as the barn, but full of oxygen, the family gathered in and around the big fireplace to spend the evening. The stout sons are perhaps ruminating upon the next day's wood chopping or a new pair of oxen. Their father's land and live stock will go to them; usually by English custom, a double portion to the eldest son. The daughters will have as their portion some of the house furniture, a few pounds sterling, some of their mother's dresses and if the marriage settlement so said, their equal share of what their mother brought to the house, and most of all, a certain yearly share of the wool or flax raised on the place. So tonight Thankful and Bethia and Lydia, as well as their neighbors' girls, are busy over some sort of linen or household drapery, which may serve for their own house-

keeping; demure Pilgrim maidens trying to prepare for their woman's future. The fire on the hearth is blazing under and through the oak logs; the mother is in her low chair in the chimney corner, right hand side, near the oven, knitting or mending; the father in his stiff-backed chair or his roundabout, in a leather jacket, sits, the same side, further out on the hearthstone, in our day supplanted by a stove or register. Left side on a long wooden settle or bench with a high, solid wooden back, and from the chimney corner out, sit the small boys and girls, ruddy, restless and warm. How rollicking and brilliant in its old way, with the embers falling into fantastic shapes and all sorts of supposed faces in the red coals, this vagrant fire behaves for these folk, and as if for the king's delight. Bethia or Lydia will perhaps steal a glance across the woollen in their lap at these same coals, to espy as the fancy runs, the face of their future husband; the demure but quite human Pilgrim maids they are. It is not a bad place for these youngsters, on that settle in the chimney corner. In clear nights, by looking up, they can see the stars through the chimney's mouth. And when on stormy nights, with a northeaster rumbling and thundering across the chimney's mouth, driving the thick snow towards the hill ridge, what a place for a child to hear his elders tell of the pirates' money, the witch's ride, the war of Revolution and those endless stories of the sea, which, with pipe in their mouth and a close watch for the falling embers, we heard in our childhood our elders tell, around a Cape Cod hearthstone, in an ancient Pilgrim house.

Our fathers had not our comforts, but they certainly had their own; and the balance is not altogether in our favor.

After Rev. Benjamin Fessenden's death, in 1746, Rev. Abraham Williams became the Sandwich minister in 1749. He was your minister during the Revolution, dying in 1784. I gather that he was very like his predecessors, and bating at least his diminished salary in war times he seems to have fared very much as they had; also that he was a very busy and useful man in secular affairs, surveying wood lots, making wills and drawing deeds. As a matter of fact, the parsons on the Cape kept the lawyers out by taking the law business, and to a degree this was also true of the doctors. A town par-

son then was a sort of town university. It probably illustrates Mr. Williams' patriotism, to say that two of his sons died in British prison ships. By his wife he was connected with some of the leading families in modern Massachusetts. He seems to have been a man of property, at least he owned two African slaves, one of them, Titus Winchester by name, who ought to have, and shall have some mention on this occasion, not only because of his own conduct, but because of that patient African race who built so many of our old stone walls and worked hard as slaves of the whites. The Redman would not work, and died; the blackman worked and lived. Our fathers bought, sold or devised them very much as we would cattle. Everybody did. In general, I suppose they were well treated. Some were manumitted. It was all wrong by the Lollard rule. One man ordered by his will that his servant Dinah should be sold, and the money laid out in purchasing Bibles for his grandchildren. And yet the Bible has said of old, "that God hath made of one blood all them that dwell upon the face of the earth, and that this is one of the only two great commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Bury me, said a slave in the Gorham family, "as near as you can to the feet of my mistress." Titus Winchester was Mr. Williams' slave, and would not accept manumission, staying with his old master until the latter died. Then Titus went to sea and elsewhere and was faithful over the few things of his poor maimed life. When he died he left some property and your town clock to the First parish. I knew a small boy rather intimately, some fifty years ago, who used to think that that clock's face was black because a black man gave it. For the sake of Titus and his race, I trust that longer than that clock's face is black, Sandwich folk will tell their children that the man who gave that clock had a black face, but a life that was very white; that his name was Titus Winchester; and that Christianity, of any honest sort, is forever color blind.

We approach now the period of the Revolution, 1776-1783, an epoch in our town history. I do not propose to retell the story, but only to throw some side lights upon it from Sandwich history. But here, again two preliminary questions thrust themselves upon our notice. First, was the

Revolution, an evolution or an accident? I say, that it was an inevitable and fated evolution; made so by the two root ideas of the Puritan movement, and under a law as fixed as a law of Nature. If a man has a right to be free, he has a right to maintain his liberty with his sword. If it was wise in him to come 3,000 miles to enjoy his privilege, it was wise for him to stand in military array; watch late on guard; rise early to begin the battle and hang to his foe, until he asked quarter, to defend his privilege. There has been much time wasted over this matter. The Puritan, I take it, was a rebel — and from the start. If he was not a premeditated rebel, he was certainly a predestinated one. At the roots, the Puritan movement was always coherent, even when its surfaces, as in the Quaker or Baptist troubles, showed dubious or confusing. I might illustrate by what goes on every day in your bay, and long before the Mayflower sailed on its horizon towards Plymouth rock. The surface of that bay, as you all know, is liable to innumerable changes. In a clear day, often blue; with a thundercloud over head, black; in a calm day, placid; with a north-east wind lashing it, turbulent, cruel, hammering in the hoar rage of its crested waves the beachsands, as if it would rend its way to your hills. But, under all these changes, the great bay current of under waters, undisturbed sweeps west and north, around the feet of those sand bluffs of Plymouth woods. The surfaces of the Puritan movement were indeed confused, but its trend was always one, away from kings and towards a republic. The roar of the battle on Bunker's Hill, was but the ever-augmenting echo of that axe, which smote off the head of King Charles the First.

The second matter is about the Sandwich tories, or as they called themselves royalists. There were pleuty of them here and the like is true at least of Barnstable, two towns who at that time had at least as much intelligence and as much at stake, as any of their neighbors. When the Boston patriots in 1769 invited delegates to a convention to consult about public affairs, this town voted, after a long debate, 33 to 42, not to send. Now I ask you Sandwich men of today, whether the current popular opinion, here and elsewhere, concerning our tories of the Revolution, is a just one. Here

in a test vote were 42 men against 33 in this town, your ancestors and mine, who at that time at least were unwilling to take action against the king. Of course I think they were in the wrong but they thought otherwise. Are you prepared to hold, as much of the historical writing I have seen, implies, that this, a majority of your voters, were any more base, any less respectable than the majority, who afterwards put them down or drove them out? That some of our tories did sometimes silly or very brutal things, or made provoking speeches as Timothy Ruggles did, I know very well, just exactly as I know that some of the Sandwich whigs were often remorseless and cruel. Such passions always show themselves in revolutions and are a part of their price. There have never been any saints in Sandwich or anywhere else on earth. The saints are in heaven alone. Allowing, then, all the excesses alleged against our Sandwich tories, and is it not true that generally they were the average Christian men found at that time in this town? What should be said of many of them is this; they took the losing side and paid the penalty; that they were wrong but that they followed, apparently, their own judgment, as the Pilgrim manhood has always done. Is it any less worthy to follow conscience, leave your home and property and go to Nova Scotia to live under a king, than it was for the Pilgrims to leave England upon their conscience and come to this wilderness to escape a king? Is conscience which leads men to a costly sacrifice only venerable when it is a wise one, going right and never venerable when going wrong? If so this poor world must rewrite much of its history. For my part, and speaking now for myself personally, I say this; that of the Ellis blood which happens to connect me with Sandwich folk, some were whigs and some were tories. Let all true whigs of Sandwich rest, if you like, in eternal fame. I only insist that the time has come when no wise man can afford to say that Sandwich tories are sleeping in dishonored graves.

In 1765, war between France and England, costing England something like £100,000,000, ended. That war, so far as it concerned these English colonies, was to prevent them from being strangled by the cordon, which France was gradually drawing about them from Quebec to New Orleans very

much as, until Charles Martel broke it, the Mohammedans had drawn the cord of their power around Mediæval Europe. Every student of history, if he be of English stock, reads with a sigh of relief the event of Abraham's Heights, where the French allies went down before the cross of St. George, and beholds a great deliverance. At first sight, it would seem only reasonable that these colonies, thus delivered, should pay their share of the expense. A large part of their share, it is true, these colonies had already paid in money and blood; but there was perhaps, by the rule of mere arithmetic, something more due. The British crown passed the Stamp Act and so proceeded to tax these colonies. This they resisted. Was there not a cause? Were not the old artificers in linen from North Ireland, driven out by British greed, or at least, their sons, still here? Had the Puritan forgot the Star Chamber and the bitterness of exile? Was there not cause to distrust their old oppressors? It is true, the Stamp Act was repealed in 1766, but the resolve of Parliament "that of right it ought to have power to bind the colonies" left the sting undrawn. The answer of this town was to order the very next year, 1767, a powder house to be built. The powder, also, came and in due time was burnt. Henceforth and until the close of the Revolution, the history of Sandwich responds and runs with the trend of that truly patriotic war. In 1770, Sandwich voted not to buy taxed goods, like tea, paper, etc., and to hinder their sale, until redress was had. Jan. 6, 1773, a very sober town meeting was held, and the town parson, Mr. Williams, was called on to open the meeting with prayer. The late speech of the Royal Governor to the Legislature in Boston, was offered, but refused a hearing. A letter from the patriot committee in Boston was then read, and plain resolutions, setting forth the people's rights, were passed. A committee was also chosen in behalf of the town to correspond with the Boston committee. As this was a post of danger, as well as honor, I record the names of that committee. They are Dr. Nathaniel Freeman, Moses Swift, Seth Freeman, John Allen, Joseph Nye, 3d, George Allen, Simeon Fish, Mordecai Ellis, Elisha Pope, John Percival and Joshua Tobey. The Allens, being of the Society of Friends, asked to be excused and

were. March 17, 1774, voted, that "the letters of the Governor and Lieut. Governor are replete with malicious enmity." Also voted, that the emptying the tea into Boston harbour, was "necessary," that they would neither buy nor use tea, until the tax was repealed, and "that an attested copy of these votes be transmitted, with the thanks of the town, to the committees of correspondence of Boston and Plymouth, for their manly opposition to a most pernicious measure, assuring them that we are ready to join them in opposing every unrighteous attempt upon our liberties." At this meeting, Zaccheus Burgess, Lot Nye and John Dillingham, Jr., were appointed on the committee of correspondence, in place of the Allens. September 30, of the same year, it was recommanded by the town, that the people should be well provided with arms and ammunition; that every male of sixteen years of age, or over, be armed and drilled; that common pedlers of English, Scotch or India goods, be suppressed; that a congress of all the towns in Barnstable County should be held to consult for the common safety; that the present doings of the town be published; that the selectmen be directed to purchase a chest of arms, and to deliver them at first cost, to the inhabitants, and four barrels of gunpowder with lead and flints in proportion, in addition to the town's present stock; also thanks to Meltiah Bourne, Esq., for the timber presented by him, to be erected a liberty pole. All this meant war, meant revolution, and that of a very sturdy kind. I am one of those, who insist that in the achievement of our independence, no town on this Cape is entitled to the preeminece. No Cape town of that age, but did its duty, according to its ability, in its own local and personal way. But, I am bound to say that the men of affairs in Sandwich, strike me as a ready, sturdy, resolute set of men, slow to decide, but fearless to carry out their plans, once made; a set of men, hard to be denied their will; selectmen, who made little noise, but did a deal of sound, hard work. And if you seek now in these days, after one of your citizens, who represents in these gentler days, both physically and mentally, these selectmen of old, you will not find a better, than my old schoolmate and fellow townsman, the chairman of this meeting.

It was in this year that Gen. Gage succeeded Hutchinson as royal governor in Boston, and the commerce of that town was destroyed by the Boston Port Bill. To the distress of Boston all the Cape towns sent relief, in cord wood and money; Sandwich, £19, Barnstable, £12 10s., and Falmouth, blessed be that deed, near £37 and 82 cords of wood. In September of this same year, a singular occurrence, headed by a Sandwich man, connects itself with your town and should never be forgotten. As things then were, the courts had ceased to be for the people but were to be used against them for the King. It was determined to stop the County Courts. This was an overt act of treason, and exposed every man concerned in it to the block, and some two years before the Declaration of Independence. By careful prearrangement an orderly company of men from Wareham, Rochester, and Middleboro, marched down to this town. Here they were joined by the Sandwich men, the horsemen ahead, tho foot behind, marched by your mill pond, up among the hills on the old road to Barnstable. Dr. Nathaniel Freeman, "Brigadier Freeman," as the old folk called him, was conductor in chief. I am here to flatter no family pride, but I am bound to say, and in this I think the historians of the Cape towns will agree with me, that among all men who helped carry this Cape with the patriots into Revolution, Brigadier Freeman stands easily first. I take the description of this chief of Sandwich patriots from the words of an eye witness in this singular procession, the late Hon. Abraham Holmes, of Rochester. "Freeman was a fine figure of a man, between thirty and forty years of age. He had a well made face, a florid countenance, a bright and dignified eye, a clear and majestic voice; and wore a handsome, black lapelled coat, a tied wig as white as snow, a set up hat with the point a little to the right." The procession called themselves "The Body of the People" and certainly a more democratic gathering had hardly been seen since the swarming of a Teutonic tribe. They elected their own officers, whom they implicitly obeyed; agreed not to drink strong drink nor swear, had prayer of mornings, counselled together with all the decorum of a bench of judges, and when they came to the old Court house, at Rendevous Lane,

in Barnstable, there were about fifteen hundred of them. They sent a respectful and well-judged request to the court — an Otis was on the bench — to give up the assize. Had they been refused they would have undoubtedly driven out the court and locked the doors. They were, indeed, "The Body of the People." The court went out and no King's court ever sat again in Barnstable County. All patriots should make themselves familiar with the details of this unique transaction. In studying it, I have been struck by the resemblance which the gravity, patience and yet resolution of these men bear to the behavior of that high commission which ordered the execution of Charles I., where the wonder was, not that a king was slain, but that he was slain by a solemn judgment under current forms of law and with an appeal to Heaven to note and confirm its justice.

On their return to Sandwich they hunted up and punished into due humility, certain persons who had cut down the Sandwich liberty pole in their absence. One cannot make revolution with gloves on and there was hard striking all round in those days.

In 1775 voted that a watch be appointed for the sea coast, watch boxes be built and the watchman's pay be 2 shillings per night. Voted, June 21, 1776, "that should the Honorable Congress of the united colonies declare these colonies independent of the kingdom of Great Britian, we solemnly engage with our lives and our fortunes to support them in the measure." In 1777 it was voted to supply, for the approaching winter, the families of soldiers from this town, absent in their country's service. In 1778 there was smallpox here brought probably from the army; a pest house was built, nurses provided, red flags hung at the fencings and cats and dogs running at large were killed to prevent contagion. From 1778 to the close of the war, Sandwich records show how firmly our fathers tried to carry out their pledge to spend life and money for independence. Drafts of men and provisions were made on them which the town tried to fill and with general success. But when in 1781 a call was made for 21000 pounds of beef, though the town offered 4d in silver, per pound, there was no beef to be had. The same year they gave $13 a month to each enlisted soldier. By this

time the continental money had depreciated. To show the situation here, I quote some prices. A common laborer received for a day's work, £2; a mechanic, £3. But then a gallon of molasses and a bushel of Indian corn cost £4 each; butter 12 shillings a pound; grog per mug 16 shillings; English hay, £32 per ton; shoeing a horse all round, £3 12 shillings, and a tavern dinner 15 shillings. Indeed the whole land was at a low tide. Most had been spent for liberty which came in 1783, when this people, thanks to the great sacrifice, went free.

I have said nothing of the sufferings and sorrows of those Sandwich folk who went to the war or sent their sons. It is an old story, often told over this colony, and will be, as long as honor is reverenced in our ancestry. I close this period of Sandwich history with two brief extracts from two letters of a Cape mother, though not of this town.

July 26, 1778.

None of my children but Abiah are with me. All my sons are if living, with the army. I am afraid what I may hear concerning my sons, but I hope I may be prepared, let it be as it will. I would write more but it is the Sabbath.

Nov. 22, 1783.

The 20th of June last, we had the sorrowful and heavy news of our son Joseph's death. He died that day two months. He had been in the service two years and died with consumption, near West Point; a loud call to us all. He was carried into the country and was comfortably provided for during the last month or six weeks of his life. What most contributes to my comfort is, God was pleased to give him a time of consideration. He sent us word not to mourn for him, but to prepare to follow him, for he trusted the eternal state was secured. MARY JENKINS.

I have thus brought the record of Sandwich life to the year 1783. From then till now, (1889) you perceive, is a period of rather over a hundred years. It is a period picturesque and full of town activites which respond to the political and social development of the nation, and indeed, may be said, to run with it. Your town behaviors have always been conservative but firm, taking the side of law and order. What I have called in this address the Lollard temper, has generally asserted itself in your more important votes. I

cannot enter on the details of this last period, nor can I perform the miracle of telling in an hour or so a history which it has taken this busy Sandwich 250 years to make. I do not intend to slur this period. I intend to drop it bodily with a few references in passing. All along I have been struck with the inadequacy of any possible mention in this address of events so mixed and many. Let a man sift as close as he likes and most of the grain will still lie outside his sieve. There I leave it for those who may come after.

Yet, I am unwilling to pass over these latter years without mention of certain of their phases. This has always been, for instance, until of late, a sea-faring community. Your sailors, like those of all the other Cape towns, have been found on almost every sea, in almost every fishery and certainly in every war which this land has maintained. Their story is one of romance, indomitable perseverance, danger, hardship and loss of life; sometimes of rich reward.

Our merchant service, at least in foreign parts, as well as our navy is, at present, in abeyance. I cannot tell when they will emerge into their former mastery and splendor. I am sure that New England men of the English stock, have too much of the Vikings blood in their veins, to let the carrying trade of the world remain in British hands. There is no reason why. In all that pertains to progress in the mechanic arts, which are among the great dynamics of civilization, we have not, to say the least, been laggard or below the achievement of our English brethren. I take it as a good omen of our coming naval estate, and also as a matter of national, and certainly, local pride, that when, a few years ago, these same Englishmen challenged our ship builders and seamen to an international yacht race, the country was able to answer with a victorious "Puritan," backed by a swifter "Volunteer"; both designed by the brain of a young man of a very old Sandwich family, Mr. Edward Burgess. I say then on this Cape, so proud of its seamen, and in this town, which has sent so many of its sons down to the sea in ships, "All hail to the coming navy of these United States, both merchantman and war ship. May its white sails be found on every sea, where winds blow and steady men are needed at the helm. And if ever, (which may God avert,)

in coming ages this land should pass again into the vast sorrow of cruel war, may the men, then behind the guns, have as stout hearts and as keen eyesight to level them, as had the ancient seamen of Cape Cod, who in all our wars, on a ship's deck, maintained the honor of the flag and often brought it into port laurelled with victory.

The valuation, which the Puritan put on man, forced him to try and enlarge man in all the elements of his complex nature. This, he endeavored to do, mainly through his Church and his public school, that conscience might be quickened and its domain broadened by sound learning. There has always been a scholastic air about this town, and education has been both given and prized in your homes. For this fact, you have been largely indebted to the Pilgrim clergy here, and to none more so than to the Rev. Jonathan Burr, who became your pastor in 1787. I fancy, that it was due largely to him that the Sandwich Academy* was founded in 1804. I shall only venture one or two remarks about our public schools. First, they are an integral part of what I may call American civilization, and in the line of the Puritan political logic. That logic holds that no man, who is the slave of his ignorance, can ever be a freeman, either in soul or body, and that an ignorant citizen is always a dubious patriot. The public schools came in early and in any event would go out very late. I am one of those, who think that they have come to stay.

Thus closes this review of the town life of old Sand-

* I am sure that "The Old Academy" building in which so many of us were taught, should be carefully described by some one for a permanent record. Till a better is shown, let this be said. The building, say in 1840, was a little dingy, with at least a hint about it, of decadence both inside and out. It was a rather narrow, long building, facing as the dwelling house on its site does now. Its front door looked down School street and over it was a small belfry with a still smaller bell which when it went tolling, five minutes before nine o'clock, often seemed like the knell of doom to the laggard boy after bird nests or a summer sweeting, across the fields. On the left as you entered the main room through a short entry there was a sort of elevated box or apartment some ten feet wide reaching the south wall, separate from the desks below by a wooden partition 4 to 5ft. high, painted, I remember, grey — as I have always supposed, the monitors' seat in the old days. On the right was a raised platform to which two or three long steps led, on which the master sat. The main aisle was rather broad running through the middle of the room, and on each side of it two rows of seats, then another aisle each side with desks for one pupil in each built against the wall. The middle desks, each side, I think held two pupils apiece. The desks were not on a level but rose from the door towards the west, so that at the farther end one had to climb into the back seats from the main aisle below. The side aisle on the south side was reached by a short aisle that ran parallel with the front of the monitors' desk or dais. The room must have been a large one because I remember that a boy in the south-west corner could talk all the morning with his neighbors and not disturb the master. In that corner also, apples were easy to eat without offence to the school authorities with I suppose average eyesight. The desks were the common boxes then in use painted a reddish brown with the lids not movable. At the end of the

wich. Let it pass for what it is worth, provided always that you retain the sense that in your history, there are many things worthy the meditation of the wise. The lesson of your town history can be but one. It is the duty devolved upon you by your ancestors, to maintain the ideas for which they endured their sacrifices. From this duty, none of their descendants can absolve themselves, except it be by repudiating them and their endeavor. The old French saying, *noblesse oblige*, which, in free translation, would read "Nobility of birth compels to nobility of life," describes well enough our obligation. The keenest swords are always sharpened on the grindstone of some gospel of better things for man, and here that gospel has always been; and that life, which is inspired to climb ever higher, towards truth and right, must be a life that watches, that works, that suffers for man; and here that life has been from of old. Let the Indian root-diggers of the prairies, live content with their dish of bitter herbs, and die as stolidly as the buffalo of the plains. Let the South Sea islander feed himself with the breadfruit over his head, at his hut's door, and sleep through life, as unreflecting and as careless as his summer sea. The sceptre of the world is not with him, nor is its future liable to his brain or hand. But this Puritan land, this Pilgrim stock of ours, yes, the men of every race, who by their own assent, have cast in their lot with us, are compromised and sealed to be compatriots and fellow workmen in building up the great temple of the rights of man, and leading men up upon the hills, above the reek and miasma of base

main aisle, west, there was a door low down among the elevated seast, which opened into the room for girls. This room was the same in width but much shorter than the other. Both rooms were painted either in browns or greys. Behind this room in the northwest corner was the library room, in my day, littered with ancient looking books or fragments, some, with edges stained red and in parchment covers, very awe-inspiring to a young student fresh come to this world, and seeing for the first time, books really old. There was an abundance of windows in the building, and on the east and south sides at least, a row of Lombardy poplars. The wholé look, as I recall it, was dignified, Pilgrim, austere and as of a house which had known better days. No master even deigned to tell us about its history and of what those ragged books meant in the dusty library full of window light and cobwebs. This Academy fell into decadence because of the miserable wrangles which whatever they might have been otherwise were a very sober genesis of old Puritanism into something else. But it was an enterprse nobly planned and deserved success. All lovers of sound learning will respect the zeal and good intent of the men who planned it.

The Rev. Mr. Burr, who had private pupils in his own family before the Academy was set up, was the first rector or master. There were pupils from the Cape, the South, and the West Indies. The history of this Academy which perhaps no one will ever write and which is more difficult as each generation passes, was not without its romance, in the after lives of its graduates scattered far and wide. I am told that the initials W. W. are still to be seen carved on one of the window sills of Mr. Burr's old house. If so, they stand for William Wainwright, once a pupil here, after, a distinguished bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York.

and servile things, to behold those stars of God, which give light for man to come to his great estate. Our forefathers compromised us to a great civic toil, lasting into unknown ages. Let the empire give its subjects rest, and an ampitheatre for amusement of the thoughtless; the republic summons every citizen to a life long vigil; to a struggle, which can never cease; to see that man is not abased and to strive that he may be lifted up with privilege, and enlarged into the joy of those, whose life is fulfilled with virtue. The old way of the world's progress is the only way. The race stands only at the portals of its achievement. The temple beyond these gates is grander than our century's thought can grasp. A thousand millions to inhabit this land, perhaps, in a thousand years, and this multitude to be guided, fed somehow with its bread of life. The old way is the best way; the martyrs and heroes beyond us in time, are more than those behind us. The future has grander altars of service, than even the past. Our soldiers and our seamen, who died in all our wars, for the flag, sleep deep, having won that eternal fame, whose legend must ever be the banner of the free. But the enemies of the republic lurk at the doors of your money changers; in the wanton's chamber; in the ignorance and pauperism, which must forever live close by the gates of crime; in the lust of political power; in the greed of gold; in the liar's fable; and in whatsoever enterprise men are tempted to barter manhood for an advantage, either false or base. Against these enemies of the republic, only virtue watches with unshut eye, and the Old Guard of its unwasting defence is forever the citizenship of the good. A republic is to be saved every day and is safe no day. But virtues are the heart's throbs of those who know and of those who love. If, at the end of a thousands years of your town life, Sandwich be one of the most ancient cradles of a then mighty and happy people, it will be because this nation has gone its way, leaning on its staff of equal rights for all men in a wise liberty for soul and body, and has not forgot to follow in all its generations, the Anglo Saxon, yes, the Pilgrim doctrine, that the health and happiness of man, in his just privilege, is both the thought and the will of God.

AT THE TENT.

The mammoth tent, where dinner was served immediately following the oration, was pitched in Mr. Samuel Fessenden's field, in the rear of the Casino. The tent was 260 feet long, and 80 feet wide, containing 14 tables with a seating capacity of 2000, and every seat was occupied. The dinner consisted of a genuine Rhode Island clambake, with all the modern fixings generally found on such occasions, and was prepared by Andrew E. Hathaway, of New Bedford.

The exercises at the tent continued, in the presence of over 2000 people, with the rendering of Mozart's Gloria from the Twelfth Mass, by a chorus of fifty picked singers from Bourne and Sandwich, accompanied by Hill's Band, of New Bedford, all under the efficient leadership of Mr. H. H. Heald, of Sandwich. The selection was splendidly given, and received a tremendous ovation.

The speakers' platform was erected in the centre of the tent, at the side, on which were seated the president of the day, speakers, invited guests and other dignitaries.

After the dinner had been given justice, there was a selection by the band, followed by the introduction by Hon. Charles Dillingham, of Sandwich, of Mr. Frank H. Pope, of Leominster, a native of Sandwich, as toastmaster of the occasion.

OPENING ADDRESS OF FRANK H. POPE.

Your literary committee has instructed me to dress this part of the occasion in as sombre a garb as possible, and to see that no undue levity shall creep in, to mar the pleasure of the literary feast that is to follow. Just here allow me to interrupt myself for a moment, and call your attention to the fact that this is a large assemblage, and in order that the distinguished speakers may be heard, it will be necessary that this vast audience keep as quiet as possible. There is a brass band playing on my right, and evidently is a competitor of mine, for your attention, but I do not fear it, having faith in my power of endurance and vocal strength, I think I can talk it down without special effort. One reason why I ask for as little commotion as possible, is, that among the speakers whose names I have on the list, are several who have evinced consumptive tendencies, not that there has been a consumption of their physical functions, or their mental faculties; but their enormous consumption of victuals has so swelled their adipose tissue, and set the blood in so great a state of activity that any special effort upon their part, to be heard, might result in apoplexy, therefore, I trust that you will keep as quiet as possible, and not become accessories to such a possible contingency.

The other day I was looking over that much-read, greatly-admired, but badly-disconnected novel, by the late Mr. Noah Webster, and I came across the word "toastmaster." I there discovered that a toastmaster is a person, who, at public dinners, announces the toasts and leads or directs the cheering, so if I should think, in the course of what I may have to say, that I had given expression to a perfect gem of intellectual effort, or made a very happy point, and should suddenly start off in a paroxysm of cheering, do not think me egotistical, do not think I have too great an admiration for your labors, do not think that I am trying to lead you astray, I shall simply be exercising the prerogatives of my position.

As I came back to the old town last night, which I have not visited for several years, and to which my visits have been few, since I went forth to do missionary work, revolutionize the ways of the world and elevate them to my ideal,

I was forcibly struck with two thoughts. One, that upon general principles the old town hadn't changed much since I left it, for its welfare; and the other, that such changes as I could note, showed a marked tendency and a penchant upon the part of the rising generation for æstheticism. The first blow I received was in coming through that village to the north of us, which in my boyhood days I do not remember to have ever heard called by any other name than "Herring River," was now euphoneously cognomened "Bournedale;" and I found what I used to know as plain, ordinary, every-day "Scussett," was now putting on all the airs of the young girl who will make her debut in society, at the grand ball in the Casino, tonight, and is now sailing under the elevated title of "Sagamore." Then I came down a little farther and saw in reality, in part, that which my parents used to talk about at the family fireside, long before active steps had been taken towards the construction of the Cape Cod Ship Canal. Next, I came to what I used to call "Town Neck," where, as a barefooted boy, I drove the cows back and forth each day, for a small, *weakly* stipend per week. And I wondered if the fever of æstheticism had set in there; that the old, familiar spot had been robbed of its homely, but companionable title, and that I should hear it referred to as a fertile grazing field for domesticated bovines. Later, as I gazed upon the old mill pond, upon whose placid bosom I had sailed, rowed and fished, even here the spirit of euphony was getting in its work, and I heard it alluded to as the "lake;" but to me it is the old mill pond still. Then I began to inquire if any of the places which I knew familiarly in my youth, still held to their old titles, and I gladly learned that "Snake" and "Hog" ponds were clothed in all the pristine glory of their original names.

This morning I stood beside the remnants of the old willow tree, which stood directly in front of my former home on Water street, and while beside its decayed stump, which had for so many years withstood the ravages of the elements, I sadly, tearfully reflected, how, when a lad, I had played among its branches, usually one branch at a time, and that branch usually got to the woodshed before I did, customarily accompanied by the parent on my father's side, and when we

three in convention assembled, it was considerable of an active time we knew, I can assure you. At such times I sowed the seeds for such "hustling" proclivities as I may enjoy at the present time. I looked around the old shed and high up, lodged in a crack, was an object that excited my curiosity. I investigated, only to find that it was one of the piercing shrieks I had emitted at one of our woodshed services. Right here I wish to say to those having children, do not oblige them to dance at the bend and rod of a willow branch. Here is a standing illustration of the fact that it does no good whatever.

I took a stroll down the street, the first person that I saw was my old time sable friend, who has been known to man, ever since the town was incorporated, apparently, and I thought if the time should ever come when I should wish to paraphrase that beautiful poem of Tennyson's, entitled, "The Brook," that the revision would be:

> "For men may come and men may go,
> But Hezekiah seems likely to go on forever."

Next I came to the Unitarian church and up in the belfry I noticed the ancient bell, whose clanging had been music to my soul in the years, now some ways down the corridor of time, and from its great iron throat came floating down through the azure a mellow sound, that as it fell upon my ear, became articulate, and faintly spoken were the words: "Where's Chas.P., ? I'm lonesome," and then I recalled the old sexton, who for half a century had been wedded to that bell. I remember, too, the spirit and earnestness with which the old-fashioned choir sang the hymns, for it was in truth a part of the religious service, and the choir felt so, for it sang because of its religious zeal, and not because there was a question of a salary.

But a little farther along the street I came to the office of my old friend, Whittemore, an old and time-honored resident, who, so far as I know, has managed the only judicial laundry the town has ever had, and the burden of whose refrain has been 10 and costs. When I alighted from the train last evening, the first person to grasp me cordially by the hand, was your police force, who seems to grow more jolly and more rotund each time I see him.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage soul," and today as I noted the incessant but not pernicious activity of your fellow townsman, Mr. George McLaughlin, and recalled that every well regulated family in this part of the state is supposed to have among its household furnishings, one of his New England organs, I could but think if the old adage were really true and music did soothe, that he must be regarded as the only human, active soothing syrup Cape Cod ever produced.

My friends, in looking over this audience, there are many thoughts that crowd upon me. I am like an engineer, I "have her wide open" and am running easily, but swiftly down grade with nothing to fear, unless I come in contact with an obstruction; but I fear I shall meet with an obstacle in the guise of your displeasure, if I continue longer. I have already rambled more than was my original intention, and should I continue, it would not only be discourteous to you, but to the galaxy of intellectual lights whom you have met to hear. I have not spoken in a serious vein, for your literary committee informed me they should not expect it, and because of the assertion of a friend, who assured me that if I undertook to be otherwise than desultory, and did not allege to be facetious, that all who knew me would be ready to swear to an affadavit, that my speech had been written for me, and was doing neither more nor less than could be done by a phonograph, so I have but given you a bit of both as a precursor to the more solidified feast that is to follow.

In closing I wish to give expression to one thought, suggested forcibly by the sad observations, made this morning by a well known visitor, now in your midst. We who have come back to the old home to take part in the festivities of this occasion, and, although enjoying them to the utmost, yet in our inner consciousness we are saddened, we feel a pang of sorrow as we become impressed, even in the midst of all this gaiety, that not a few of those who were so lovingly a part of our earlier life, have crossed the grim flood, with that same ferryman which poets write of, unto the kingdom of eternal life, and in revisiting the old home and the old haunts, we keenly realize that there are loved ones gone, and the taking away of their lives has taken just so much out of

the enjoyment of ours, and we recall that when the home knew no vacant chair, that the circle of that fireside was the circumference of our lives and desires. As you and I let our thoughts dwell upon the days of our youth, we can but sigh

* * "for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

THE TOASTMASTER.

We have with us to-day one so well known to you all that an introduction would be but a superfluity, one whom the people of this Commonwealth have delighted to honor, one who has shown his eminent qualifications for filling any and all positions he has been called upon to occupy, and it is with pleasure that I call upon Hon. John D. Long to respond to the toast:

The New England towns — They are the nucleus of the country's prosperity, and from which came the sturdy and brainy men, who have developed the land, tapped its resources, been its mental and financial prop and placed it at the head of the procession of nations.

HON. JOHN D. LONG.

This is certainly a great day for Cape Cod. The spirit of celebration is echoing all along the sandy length and illuminating the waters that lovingly embrace it on either side. On the 1st ult., we re-embalmed the Pilgrims who made this shore the stepping stone to the Plymouth threshold, and round whom, as their shattered barque came in from the perils of the deep, the Cape threw its great protecting arm. To-day we again honor the Pilgrim and pay our tribute to the fathers who planted and the sons who have watered the good seed, which, under the blessing of God, has had this great increase.

A few months ago we celebrated the centennial of the inauguration of our national government. And yet, what we were celebrating as a beginning, was itself an accomplished work, resulting not from any special cause or particular event, but from the natural growth and development

of a political and social system, which had started at Plymouth and Boston and here in Sandwich a century and a half earlier. It was a system under which brave and intelligent Christian freeman, settling along our coast and expanding toward the interior, lived in simple ways, pursued homely avocations, tilled the soil, built vessels, engaged in commerce, combined hard manual labor with good social position, enjoyed a democratic church, brought education to the threshold of every child, inaugurated a republican form of government by representation, and by a thorough training of one hundred and fifty years prepared the popular mind for the responsibilities, which national independence brought. Thus it was that what seemed to Europe the miraculous spectacle of a people suddenly assuming self-government and a constitution of equal rights, was really no stranger than that the oak, strong with the growth of centuries, should endure the tempest which sways its leafy top, but disturbs not its trunk or its roots. The institution of the New England town was the college in which these students in local self-government graduated, and every man in New England was such a student. As I think of their work, the consummation of which we celebrate today, and the story of which the orator of the morning has rehearsed, I look back through the long vista of years with a feeling of profound respect and veneration. You could today in other lands have visited shrines of grander fame, over which are temples wrought by masters of architecture and gorgeous with the work of masters of art. You could in imagination re-create from Greek and Roman, and still more from Oriental ruins, the magnificent grandeur and glory of dynasties that have ruled the world. You could in Westminster Abbey hold communion with the illustrious dead, who won the most conspicuous glory of warrior and statesman, orator, poet, scholar and divine. But none of these suggest to us the humanity and beauty and significance of the birthplace of a town like this. For here no broken column of fallen temples tells of the magnificence and luxury of the few, wrung from the poverty and degradation of the many; no statue or shrine perpetuates not so much the greatness of one man as the inferiority of the body of the people. Here, rather began that growth of a free people,

that common recognition in town organization of the equal rights of all men, which could not endure that any child should be uneducated; or that any poor should remain unfed; or that any one caste should hold supremacy, or any other be ground under foot; or that any slave should long breathe Massachusetts air. The civilization of other peoples has been a slow evolution from misty and barbarous beginnings, aided even by the invasion or conquest of other powers. Our fathers began themselves at the summit, standing clear and self-sustained against the sunrise. There are no shadowy beginnings, no day of mean things; no semi-barbarism, out of which there has been an exodus, but rather always a spirit of advanced intellectual and national life. No more generous enthusiasm for learning goes into your schools to-day, than they put into theirs. They dotted your landscape with the spires of churches. I love these towns, and sigh that for more than half the people of the Commonwealth they exist no longer. Think what magnificent memories and associations they embody for us, and how crowded is the record of every one of them with heroic names and with participation in great heroic events. We are no longer the new world. We are venerable with age. The world moves now so swift that a hundred years are more than a thousand in the middle ages.

We look back through the vista of two centuries and a half, and it is filled with great achievements in behalf of humanity; with great names of heroic men and women who lived not afar off, but were with us and of us; and with such great events as the success of popular government, the emancipation of human thought and faith, the abolition of slavery, and the inventions of science which have put the globe into the hollow of man's hand and made the giant powers of nature obedient servants of human will, and which will some day scoop out the Cape Cod Ship Canal as deftly as a lady dips a spoon. With what ancestry in the world shall we fear to compare ours? Our soil is rich with the ashes of the good and great, and our tribute goes out to them the more warmly because it goes not to the few; not to an illustrious warrior here or a great benefactor there; but to the whole body of those plain, quiet, God-fearing

and self-respecting men and women, who so raised the general level of their ordinary life that any distinction among them which they made was the accident of circumstance or necessity, and any distinction which we should make would be an injustice. What trust have they not imposed upon us? With them behind us, what is not our duty as the living, accountable citizens of this and other like communities to-day to those who shall follow us? Shall we lower the standard? Shall we not rather advance it still higher? The world is pleading with us from our safe and high vantage-ground to lend a helping hand, to reach down to our fellow-men and lift them up by help and by example. There never was a time when the moral instincts were more sensitive than now. Peace spreads her white wings over us. There is no field to-day on which to battle with bloody arms for civil freedom, for religious toleration or against beast or savage foe. Our conflict must be with the insidious forces that war upon the moral sentiment, that threaten corruption to our social and political fabric, that invade the manhood and purity and truth of men, that impair the sanctity and happiness of home, or that would subvert the institutions that have made New England a paradise of living, as it is a paradise of varied and invigorating climate, scenery and sea shore. The obligations of the noble record along which you look back for two hundred and fifty years with so much pride are not to seek for great opportunities remote and afar off, but to aid in the circle of our own immediate influence and ability in upbuilding the citizen, in eradicating the subtle evil of intemperance that is honeycombing society and the State with its rot; in diffusing the common education of the people for which the fathers provided so seduously; in adjusting not so much the cold, economic relation of capital and labor as if these were distinct factors, but the warm relation of man with man in the great struggle for happiness in which every man is a capitalist and every man a laborer; and in standing firm against any influence or inroad that threatens the purity of democratic government. The civilization of the future is in our own hands. These great causes of temperance, of the education of the masses, of the purity of our politics, depend upon our discharge or our neglect of our duty. If

we discharge it, then are we worthy sons of worthy sires. If we neglect it, then is our celebration of these anniversaries, our praise of the fathers, our tribute to their virtues but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

THE TOASTMASTER.

It is my pleasure to give you this sentiment:

The non-resident — Sandwich to-day opens wide her arms of welcome, and gives a hearty embrace to the stranger within her gates. She is upholstered in her nattiest attire, wears her most gracious smile and beams benignly upon her guests, as she joins the bouquet of towns that have lived two hundred and fifty years, and although quite old, as the visitors can see, she is sound in every limb, not an out about her and, in fact, has but just begun to live. And to respond to this toast I call upon Gen. John L. Swift.

This toast was responded to by General John L. Swift, of Boston, in his usual happy and eloquent manner. The publisher after much correspondence, regrets his inability to secure his response.

The following poem, written by Miss Mary A. A. Conroy, of Roxbury, was read by Dr. J. E. Pratt, secretary of the executive committee: —

1639. SANDWICH. 1889.

So many years ago it was,
The history like a legend reads;
Our fathers to fair Sandwich came,
To seek, and found a lasting home.
Of diverse ways, unlike in much;
But bound by common brotherhood,
And veneration for the rights
Of each and ev'ry fellowman.
From Saugus, came the pioneers,
And chose, (unwitting artists they)
The fairest spot on all the coast;
Where, silver-white the shores enzone
The sparkling sapphire of the bay.
A cluster here of Nature's gems —
Each vieing each, with lavish charm,
Scusset, and Shawme, and Sagamore,
Scorton, Spring Hill, and Manomet,
And old Comassakumkanet!
Green sunny slopes, deep shady dells,
Lying in panorama spread;
Wooing with thousand witcheries,
The favored one who sees, to rest.
Stretches of velvet meadow land,
Glimpses of verdure unsurpassed:
The eye is sated, while the heart
Is lulled amid this loveliness.
Here gleams the lake, in placid calm;
And here, a cheerful little rill
Bubbling, and babbling merrily
Offers its nectar exquisite.
The glades, now sober in the shade,
Smile slowly, 'neath the loving touch
The sun bestows, and his caress,
Their beauty fourfold magnifies.
Here in the Spring, in sheltered nook,
The dainty arbutus unfolds
Its matchless beauty, tho' the snow
Still holds the earth in chill embrace.
Sweet harbinger! The emblem meet
Of hardy courage, which despite
The buffets of an unkind fate,
Our fathers, long ago displayed.
Where wends the road its winding way
Around Spring Hill, a pond peeps forth,
Bearing in beauteous affluence,
Hundreds of lillies, fair and sweet.

These, white and pure as childhood's dreams,
Unconscious of their grace and charm,
And these, all roseate with delight,
Seeing their grace reflected there.

Marshpee, and Wakeby's lovely ponds,
Where silvery trout disport and hide,
Glistening, and challenging the rod,
May well the angler's skill invite.
'Mid Wakeby's charms, that statesman great,
Unrivalled Webster, first declaimed
His famed address on Bunker Hill,
While with John Trout, on sport intent.
Truly a fair abiding place!
And so they deemed it, who so well
Defended it in every strait;
Gave it their service, and their strength:
Sturdy and staunch, and leal and true.

The names of Freeman, and of Bourne,
Nye, Dillingham, and their compeers;
We trace, from first to last, upon
The annals of this ancient town.
Foremost in every need of hers,
Their aid to offer. When she called
She found them ready to respond,
As their decendants do to-day.
With strictest justice, every law
They 'ministered, without regard
To rank of the offending one;
With their own children rigorous
As with the mere sojourner there.
The naughty ones, who in the church
Grew drowsy, as the sermon prosed;
Or, moved by wanton mischief smiled,
Received a taste of Titus' rod.

The first the freedom to declare,
Of children born of Afric blood;
Two hundred years before the flame
Of war broke forth for this same cause!
The herald of that glorious dawn
Which was to light our darkened land.
Darkened by years of cruel wrong,
The one blot on our nation's page.
And, when old Titus Winchester,
An erst-while slave, his freedom gained,
He gave a token to the town
To prove his fervent gratitude.
The old clock, told for many years,
The flying moments as they sped:
Its broad face smiling on the place
In approbation of the deed.

They toiled, with unremitting care,
With purpose high, and firm resolve,
To make their dwelling place indeed
A home, a haven of repose,
Themselves the object of the hate
Of differing sects, and older creeds,
They learned to tolerate, and shield
The victims of mistaken zeal.
When harshly dealt with, other-where,
The Quakers unto Sandwich came,
True friends they found, who scorned to use
The power they held, but granted them
To dwell in peace, the spirit with.
You yet may see anear Spring Hill,
Their meeting-place, a sylvan glen
Environed by protecting trees.

Here, far removed from curious eyes,
Their God they worshipped silently.
Their choir — the myriad songbirds were,
Their hassocks, stones. The mossy sward
Beneath their feet, their carpet was,
An azure ceil, the sky above;
No temple made by mortal hands
Could rival this in loveliness.

When Boston neighbors brewed the tea,
Whose flavor ne'er had been excelled:
Its fragrance, wafted on the breeze,
To Shawme was carried, and became
As an elixir to the men
Who drooped beneath the heavy weight
Of unjust laws, a tyrant king
Had on their weary shoulders laid.
They met in solemn conclave, when
The despot's load too weighty grew,
And with a righteous anger, vowed
They would no more the burden bear!
"We *never* will submit!" they said,
"To laws unjust, and vile as these!"
Their resolutions to enforce,
They stood prepared to fight — or die!
The Boston Port Bill, Tax on Tea,
And all the arbitrary acts,
Received their censure, while their mote
Was freely paid the rebel cause.
Meltiah Bourne, the timber gave
From which the staff of freedom rose,
And every man, and stripling too,
Gave of his strength in freedom's cause.
They ready were at first alarm,
To sacrifice their little all,
In common cause, against the wrong
Inflicted on a struggling band,
Struggling amid privations great.
Contending against hostile hordes
Of foes within. Their friends were few,
"For liberty was treason then."

And he who dared the hope to voice
Of freedom from the galling yoke
Worn by the patient colonies,
Was rebel, and ungrateful deemed.
Many there were, who laid their lives,
A holocaust on freedom's shrine.
Many who broke the fondest ties,
Rather than leave the rebel band.
How well they fought, let history tell;
Their names are blazoned on her page,
Otis, and Freeman, names that live,
Yea, and shall live, eternally!
Heroes there were, who nameless be,
Dying as they had lived, unknown,
Their humbler efforts, helped to make
Our land, the freest 'neath the sun.

No more they ask for royal grant,
Which ill-secured protection gave.
Nor treaties, broken soon as made.
They won their rights by force of arms,
And owe the praise, to Heav'n alone.
Seeking not riches, but the free
Untrammelled leave to dwell in peace
With God, and with their fellowmen —
The struggle past, they wrought full well
And patient tilled the stubborn soil,
Sowing and harvesting in turn

Till happy fields upon them smiled.
Where late but only tangled growth
Of strangling weeds rose rank and high,
Orchards, and meadows, fruitful lay,
Crowning their labor with success.

Our aim is not in lofty verse,
The epic of their lives to sing;
Nor with immorderate meed of praise
Their homely virtues to extol: —
We would but in remembrance hold,
How much to them the Present owes.
We would but bid their offspring, all
Their sires' achievements emulate. —

Peace reigned. With steady fingers, time
Decade, past decade, telling, in
His well worn rosary of years.

When once again, the lurid light
Of war's dread flambeau, flashed and burned,
And freedom's clarion tones were heard,
Calling on all her loyal sons;
The first to answer the appeal
Were sons of Sandwich, brave, and true,
Ready to fight for the oppressed,
Ready to die, if need there were!
Thro' all the land, the wailing voice
Of hapless, hunted slaves, was heard
Imploring justice, craving aid.
The union menaced, and the flag
We loved, insulted by the hosts
Who saw their race was almost run;
And feared lest *right* should now prevail,
Where *might* so long had ruled supreme,
A noble company, in truth
Were they who marched from Sandwich town:
A band of earnest, honest men.

Some sleep beneath the blood-stained sod,
At peace — a peace with honor gained;
Some who returned, participate
In these festivities to-day.

Now, black or white, or rich or poor,
In Sandwich town, as equals are.
Men's *deeds*, not *ancestry* we hold
In rev'rence, and pay homage to.
The records of men's lives we read,
Beginning where their worth begins;
Ignoble brows but meanly wear,
The halo of a long descent.
Still may we point with rightful pride,
To records grand and fair as these.
Still may we vaunt the heritage
Our fathers left, of honest worth.
Our aim — their failings to avoid,
Their sturdy honesty and truth
To make our own; that in our turn
Our pages read as clean as theirs.

Where once but Puritan, and friend,
The sole and only Christians were,
Now dwell in kindly unity
Members of every sect and creed.
From every steeple, chiming peals
Of varying sweetness call to prayer.
Baptist and Catholic unite,
Returning thanks for this glad day.
We thank Thee, God of Heav'n supreme,
For all Thy blessings on our town,
We pray Thy favors yet may be
Continued, as in days of old.
We beg for all our glorious land,
Thy firm sustaining grace, for aye:
True peace, and concord, fealty,
And an abiding trust in Thee.

THE TOASTMASTER.

For the speaker next to be introduced there is no set sentiment; not that the amount of toast has given out, but he wishes none to be ordered for him, so I shall not confine him to a prescribed theme. I now present one who is no stranger to you, who has recently received the benefit of your suffrages to the extent and effect that he is now the representative of the First Massachusetts District in the National House of Representatives, Hon. Charles S. Randall, of New Bedford.

HON. CHARLES S. RANDALL.

It gives me great pleasure to be present on this occasion which I feel particularly interested in as being a direct descendant of Richard Bourne, of whom the eloquent orator of

the day speaks so earnestly and with so much force. I should have felt that the old documents that I have with me dating back two hundred years, gave me a passport to this occasion even had my name been overlooked by the committee on invitations. Many valuable records, deeds and documents are now in my possession, in looking over which, I find that Richard Bourne settled in Sandwich in 1637; was an instructor to the Mashpee Indians in 1658, and was ordained by Elliott and Cotton in 1670 as a preacher and died in 1682. He had two sons: John was born in Sandwich in 1670, moved to Rochester, Plymouth County, in 1699, bought land there from one Doty, married one Elizabeth Arnold, daughter of Samuel Arnold, the first minister settled in the town of Rochester, and died May 5, 1709. His daughter, Elizabeth Arnold Bourne, married Charles Sturtevant, of Plymouth, who settled upon the farm of her father, John Bourne, who was my great great grandfather; and that property, settled by the son of Richard Bourne in 1699, in Rochester, now belongs to myself and to members of my family.

Here the speaker read from an old deed of one of the sons of Richard Bourne, conveying to his son a tract of land on Herring River, in which was stated, "that he was to maintain a mill for the grinding of corn of the people of Sandwich, and always keep the mill in satisfactory repair, and that he should grind the corn for the said people for two quarts per bushel, and in failure to comply with that stipulation the property to revert to the heirs-at-law." Another extract from the will of a daughter of Richard Bourne showing the religious spirit that entered into their daily life, was as follows: "Being desirous to get my house in order, and knowing that my departure out of this world draweth nigh, I do make and ordain this my last will and testament, giving my soul to God and my body to be buried at the discretion of my executors, and of such worldly estate as it has pleased God to bless me with," etc. I read this extract to show the contrast between the business methods of that and the present day.

THE TOASTMASTER.

Among those who went through the long march this noon were not a few of the old veterans, to whom such a march in the years past was not a serious task; but today they staggered, not only beneath the scorching rays of the sun, but under the weight of advanced years. I think they will be amply repaid for their exertions when I shall announce the next speaker, for he is one who has the best wishes of the old soldiers at heart. In this connection I want to tell a little story. When the war broke out there was a little fellow in a small town of Hampshire county, only thirteen years of age who was bound to go to the front. His good mother demurred, yet he was determined to go and upon the assurance that he would be well looked after by some of the larger boys, her consent was given, and the lad enlisted as drummer boy in Co. C. 10th Regiment, and in the army records became known as the drummer boy of the Rappahannock. During the long marches, when the short legs of the diminutive drummer boy would weaken, and marching was a severe ordeal for him, the great, strong men would take him on their shoulders, and while he slept they would carry him over many a weary mile. It gives me great pleasure, in calling upon him at this time, not so much because he is your guest, not because he is Past Department Commander of the veterans of this commonwealth, but because of our personal friendship, and I give this sentiment:

The soldier in time of war, the bulwark of the nation; in time of peace one whom it is a delight to honor; one who compels our admiration, as he "Shoulders his crutch and shows how fields are won." For all he dared, remember him today. And to respond I call upon the " Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock," Col. Myron P. Walker, of Belchertown.

RESPONSE OF COL. MYRON P. WALKER.

I fully appreciate the opportunity to be present today and take part in the festivities of this important and joyous occasion. I thank you, brother Pope, for your introduction which is kind, I fear far beyond my merit, and I am grateful to this splendid audience for so cordial a greeting. You may be sure, however, that I will not impose upon your good

nature, and that my observations will certainly possess, at least, the merit of brevity. Your historian and others have, in story, made interesting the events which you celebrate to-day, of which I had little previous knowledge, and yet I can rejoice with you, because your glory is the glory of Massachusetts, and though I came from the hills and villages of a distant county still, anything and everything which tends to the credit of our beloved commonwealth awakens in me the satisfaction and pride which is at all times becoming in her faithful and loyal sons wherever they may dwell.

I love to hear the old stories of the trials and hardships of our ancestors; they are to me an inspiration, and whenever I hear or think about them, I become more deeply impressed with the value of our own possessions. And yet, in connection with the sentiment you have given to me, there comes the thought, that in this age of progress, we must not place our dependence upon ancient history or tradition. We must not be content with the record made by our sires, but instead, build monuments which, in our own hereafter, will tell that we, too, had some part and share in the greatness and splendor of our nation.

It is not out of place at this time, nor will it ever be, to remember that there came a time when the monuments builded by our forefathers — when the very life of our nation, was threatened with destruction. Then it was that the men of our time came to the rescue; the fires of patriotism were kindled anew; the American citizen became the soldier, "the bulwark of the nation," and thanks to his valor and sacrifice, the nation which came into existence under our ancestors, was preserved for us and for future generations, great, glorious and truly free.

This is not a soldier's day, as I understand it, but as your eye rests upon the veteran soldiers and sailors who participate in these exercises, it is well to remember that they have erected monuments which will ever represent patriotism in its highest and purest sense; fidelity to the constitution and laws of one's country, devotion to liberty and humanity unparalleled in the history of the world. Of course it is always a pleasure for me to talk about my veteran friends, because I believe in them and know something of what they

have accomplished. Other veterans may have made our country, but the soldiers and sailors of '61 to '65 proved themselves the "bulwark of the nation," and the seal of Appomattox is upon their work.

I am not unmindful of the fact that during the war splendid and patriotic service was rendered by thousands of loyal men and women who did not go to the front. They gave liberally of their time and substance to sustain the armies in the field, and if my memory serves me, the town of Sandwich with a population of less than 4500 in 1860, appropriated and expended on account of the war more than $33,000 and paid for aid to the families of your soldiers more than $20,000, which was afterwards refunded by the State. This is a splendid record, but the same authority states that you furnished for the army and navy about four hundred men, which was a surplus of two over and above all demands made upon you. Oh! my friends, it is one thing to love your country and its flag, but it is something entirely different to be willing to fight and if need be die for them. You who remained at home gave and sacrificed much, but the men who went to the front on the land or on the sea, gave more. They parted from home and loved ones, and for long and many years faced danger and death. For what? personal advancement or gain? Oh no! but that the union might be preserved. A race enslaved know the blessings of liberty, and may the beautiful flag of our country be preserved as your flag and mine without a stain, and without the loss of a single star.

Think kindly of these old veterans my friends! You won't have them with you long, and when the historian of two hundred and fifty years hence shall tell his story, I fancy that by the side of the man who made possible our country, he will place the man who defended and saved it in the hour of greatest peril, proving themselves in every sense, "the bulwark of the nation."

THE TOASTMASTER.

And now we have the old bell man. No one is better known in your midst. The old bell man, may he long continue as the silent partner of that old bell; may he be tied to that bell rope for many years to come, and we con-

gratulate him that he can stop its noisy tongue whenever he wishes. I present to you Sandwich's oldest church sexton, in point of years of service — Mr. Charles E. Pope.

CHARLES E. POPE.

I feel somewhat scrupulous in occupying any portion of your time, on this interesting and indeed rare occasion, by relating an experience of a half-century at a church bell-rope; but a word or two in reference to the old town of my birth, and of which I am still a citizen. We learn, both from history and tradition, that ninety-four years before the birth of George Washington, the first President of our Great Republic, which today embraces a population exceeding sixty-five millions of souls, or, in other words, in the year 1638, as the summer season had drawn to its close, a little company of men women and children left their homes in the town of Saugus, of which Lynn was originally a part, and sailed along the Atlantic coast to the shore of Cape Cod, there they landed and located themselves by the seaside in what was then a wilderness bearing the Indian name "Shawme," which is today, our little town of Sandwich. The motives which prompted them to come hither, were better known to themselves than to us. Judging from the moral and religious character of the Puritans and their immediate descendants, as well as others scattered abroad over different sections of New England, at that early period, I draw the conclusion that those pioneers must have been moved by the same spirit that filled the heart of the Saviour of the world, (according to the Gospel narrative) when he went out from that Jewish Synagogue into a mountain to pray, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, for that little band brought with them an organized church and planted it here whose two hundred and fiftieth anniversary was celebrated in the old First Church and Parish one year ago. To that church they were devoted and gave it a strong moral and religious support, as well as a legal one, for our country at that early period was under a provincial government subject to the laws of Great Britain, with King Charles the First sitting upon its throne. It was church and state here and everywhere throughout New England, people without distinction were required by law to be taxed for the support

of the gospel whether they believed it or not. How striking indeed is the contrast between the religious ideas entertained by those early settlers, to those who surround us at the present hour. Under our republican form of government, where we are protected in the right to free labor and free speech, we are also permitted to worship God according to conscience. That is truly the great American idea, and as an American citizen I make the assertion, without reserve, I would not have any religious sect of Christendom or the wide world to gain that ascendency in our country whereby they might (if they choose) establish their system of religious faith as a state religion. God forbid! for in such an event, we might lay our hand upon our heart and exclaim: Farewell to American Liberty.

Today we gather ourselves here with families and friends, both at home and from abroad, around this festive board, to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a town, and we have listened with interest this day, to the stories told of our ancestry. Coming here as they did, and landing upon the sterile soil and barren sands of Cape Cod, on the third day of September, with an eye to an approaching winter, they undoubtedly endured and suffered privations common to all first settlers. In the formation of their settlement, after providing themselves places of shelter and thence passing away the long and dreary months of winter, when the spring-time had come, their attention must have been given to the tillage of the soil, to the cultivation of such crops as were necessary to their physical support, therefore farming must have been their leading industry and continued so for more than a century and a half. More popular indeed was that calling to them and to their immediate descendants than us at the present period of our history. As we stand here day after day and gaze upon the hills and vales we occupy, we can picture to our imagination the farmers of the olden time feeding their flocks and herds. The little streams that gurgled forth from the hillsides were stayed, in their natural course to the sea, by the raising of dams and the building of mills, in which to grind the grain the product of their farms. I stand before you today a young man, comparatively speaking, to the age of

our ancient town; yet I can call distinctly to mind when there were eight little grain mills in running operation in different sections of the original Sandwich. There was one at East Sandwich, one at Spring Hill, one here in Sandwich proper on the site and stream where the Sandwich Tag Company's factory now stands, owned and run by the enterprising Nye Brothers, one at Scussett, now Sagamore, the birthplace and early home of the late Benjamin Burgess, who afterwards became a wealthy Boston merchant and was distinguished among us in carrying on ship building in that locality, one at Herring River, now bearing the romantic name of Bournedale, one at Monument, now the seat of government of the new town of Bourne, and which has so recently taken her place among the incorporate bodies of our Commonwealth, one at Pocasset, one at Cataumet, making three in Sandwich and five in Bourne. Those eight little grain mills gave employment to eight millers, and I venture to say, judging from the economical mode of living in those days, that the proceeds of their grinding gave support to eight families. Since then that small industry has passed entirely away so that our people have been obliged to look abroad for their meal, and our farmers placed under the necessity of driving their teams with grain of their own raising, from nine to fifteen miles, to Marston's Mills or Waquoit, to be ground into meal. I am happy to say that an association has been recently formed in the eastern section of the town whose members have shown themselves progressive and with an eye also to their own personal interest, have built a mill for themselves in which to grind their grain and also to serve as an accommodation to the people at large. There was also running at that time three little tanneries at East Sandwich, Spring Hill and in this locality, where the hides, taken from the cattle of our farmers, were carried, and thrust into vats and passed through the tanning process into leather, thence taken to the benches of the village cobblers and made into shoes for husbands and wives, sons and daughters, to wear, and I fancy the youths and maidens of today would blush to wear the boots and shoes of those by-gone days.

In the winter of 1824–25 a man, by the name of Jabez Dame, came to Sandwich, prospecting under the direction of

the late Deming Jarves, a man well known to our older citizens. He passed around among the people in a quiet unsuspecting manner until he accomplished his purpose in the purchase of the site upon which the Boston & Sandwich Glass Factory now stands, whereupon a small building was erected, or "crib," as modern glass-makers would term it, which signifies a building of small capacity in which to carry on glass-making on a small scale, and under the guidance and superintendence of Mr. Jarves, glass-making was commenced in Sandwich on the fourth day of July, 1825. Soon after a stock company was formed and became incorporated, under the style of the Boston & Sandwich Glass Company, their works were enlarged, more substantial buildings were constructed, business rapidly increased as well as population both by births and families moving into the town. Sandwich at that time took the lead, in growth, of other towns of Barnstable county. Twenty-three hundred acres of woodland were purchased, which is in possession of the company today. Three thousand cords of oak and pine wood were annually consumed in the furnaces of the works, aside from that used by the inhabitants, which gave employment to fifty pairs of oxen, owned by the company and the farmers around. The number of yoke are at this time reduced to a unit and can be represented by the index finger of my right hand. By the location of the Sandwich glass works here was created a home market for the sale of the surplus produce of our farmers. Those were indeed the palmy days of Sandwich; but alas! in consequence of the formation of labor organizations springing up throughout the manufacturing sections of our country, creating a conflict between capital and labor, the fires of the Boston & Sandwich Glass Company have become extinguished, and to us it appears a foregone conclusion that those fires have gone out forever, as far as the manufacture of glassware is concerned.

I will not extend my remarks by speaking of other departed industries of Sandwich; but will close by adopting the sentiment embraced in our Governor's Proclamations, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," having faith to believe that there may yet appear above the horizon "a cloud with a silver lining," will further ask that the In-

finite One who sees the little sparrow fall, will save and prosper the old town of Sandwich.

ODE.

WRITTEN BY DANIEL F. CHESSMAN, OF SANDWICH, AND SUNG TO THE TUNE OF AMERICA.

Here, where our fathers came,
Through love to Christ's dear name,
To him to pray; —
Breasting Atlantic's waves,
Fearless of Indian braves,
Or where might be their graves,
We come, this day.

"Right Arm" of "Old Bay State,"
The billows round it wait
The will of God; —
Clasped firm in its embrace,
Obedient to His grace,
The Wand'rers found their place
On "Old Cape Cod."

Here, where the Pilgrims dwelt,
Here, where to God they knelt,
By this broad bay; —
Here, where their noble deeds,
Their largest hope exceeds,
And fills our highest needs,
We come, this day.

They loved these sand girt shores,
There briny water roars, —
They loved them well; —
Te prize these rolling seas,
The rushing ocean breeze,
The blasts that bend our trees,
Love where we dwell.

Then let exultant song,
Roll heaven's high arch along,
In grateful praise; —
Here, where our lot is cast,
We reap, in mercies vast,
Rich harvests of the past,
In these last days.

Our fathers loved the truth,
And in our country's youth,
Maintained the right; —
Now let their sons arouse,
Redeem their father's vows,
Each righteous cause espouse
In love and might.

CLOSING REMARKS BY THE TOASTMASTER.

This closes the post-prandial exercises. There was to have been a musical selection at this time, but the lateness of the hour and the departure of the musicians necessitates its omission. I might make use of the stereotyped assertion that we will all meet again at the next celebration, but will content myself with simply asking you to accept the benediction of the Pope.

THE BOAT CARNIVAL.

The Venetian Boat Carnival was the prettiest sight of the entire day. It occurred soon after seven o'clock, and consisted of some forty boats, barges and floats, beautifully trimmed and festooned with Japanese lanterns and bunting, and as the brilliant boat procession passed over the picturesque lake cheer upon cheer was given by the thousands of people that lined all the shores. As the flotilla approached the exhibition raft of Messrs. Masten & Wells, the boats were bombarded with water batteries, throwing colored fires of crimson, ruby and emerald. Rockets exploded on the water surface, fiery fountains threw up their golden spray, geysers of fire filled the air with phosphoric flames, wheels revolved and scattered silver mist and crimson illumination, contorting serpents and exploding dragons rose from the water and discharged at the fleet flames of dazzling fire, while floating fires covered the water in all directions among the fleet from shore to shore. No little credit is due Mr. F. E. Elwell, the well-known sculptor, and a summer resident of Sandwich, who personally conducted this carnival in a similar manner to those he had witnessed abroad.

THE FIREWORKS.

The display of fireworks under the personal direction of Messrs. Masten and Wells, of Boston, from Tobey's Point bordering the lake, commenced immediately after the boat carnival and continued nearly two hours in the presence of 5000 people. The extensive illuminations in the immediate vicinity added very much to the grandeur of this part of the day's exercises. The display was pronounced the largest and most elaborate ever seen in Barnstable county. The programme comprised twenty-nine pieces, besides innumerable rockets, roman candles, colored fires, etc. The following set pieces, which concluded this feature of the day's exercises were particularly interesting:—

The first settler, "The Indian Hunter," reappears in view with his bow and arrows, exhibits his skilful use of those instruments in war or peaceful hunt.

The grand finale of the evening's display was preceded by an illumination of red, white and blue, disclosing the final exhibit, which consisted of a magnificent Ionic column. A shaft of 35 feet was seen richly decorated with lance work and fluted tiers of fire. The shaft was encircled with a wreath of ruby and agate jewelry and adorned with a ribbon of silver, bearing the date 1639 — 1889, with the name of Sandwich in its centre. At the base of the column sprang immense mines of meteoric and gun fires, mosaic batteries, etc. The capital supported an immense globe of silver and golden fire upon the top of which the American eagle was seen, perched with extended wings, as if about to make his aerial flight; and on either side of the column from flag staff and spear head, gracefully draped the flags of the Union, in red, white and blue, and amid the discharge of rockets, music and batteries, common bombs and clustered shells, the final design expired and the display ended.

THE BALL.

The ball at the Casino which fittingly closed the exercises of the day, was the grandest event on record in south-

eastern Massachusetts. The spacious ball room looked charming in its elaborate dress of delicate shades of blue, pink and nile green muslin material, artistically festooned from the sides to the centre. The colors blended well together, and with the powerful electric lights, the handsome costumes of the ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, the scene was a brilliant one to behold. The music by the Germania band, of Boston, ten pieces, was the finest ever heard in Sandwich, which is saying much, and so pleased were those present with their selections, that they were applauded again and again. There were present several dignitaries, including Lieut. Governor Brackett, and two members of his staff in full military uniform, Councillor Keith, of Sagamore, Senator W. A. Clark Jr., of Lynn, Hon. W. W. Crapo, of New Bedford, Col. M. P. Walker, of Belchertown, Judge Harriman, Ex-Senator Howes Norris, of Cottage City, Col. Benj. S. Lovell, of Weymouth, and many others.

The success of the ball is due to the untiring efforts of A. Frank Sherman as director, assisted by Theodore L. Southack, Arthur Braman, William A. Nye, Francis Murphy, John A. Holway, Frank O. Ellis, James H. Kellehar, Dr. G. E. White, W. R. Gibbs Jr., Eben C. Keith, as aids. It is estimated that one hundred couples were on the floor, besides a large crowd of interested spectators.

CELEBRATION NOTES.

TO BARNSTABLE.

Editors of the Patriot:—

Will you permit me space for a few words to the people of Barnstable? During last and the earlier part of this year it was hoped that the sister towns which were incorporated together in 1639, would unite in a celebration commensurate with their combined wealth and the importance of the occasion of their 250th anniversary. Early in this year Yarmouth and Dennis withdrew from the alliance, but there was still hope and expectation, indeed, that the remaining towns —Barnstable, Sandwich and Bourne would pull together and have a union celebration in accordance not only with the wishes of the several towns as expressed in town meetings, but with the desire, as nearly as could be ascertained, of their individual citizens. The action of the Barnstable committee in postponing for fifty years their celebration left Sandwich and Bourne alone in the matter. Notwithstanding these disappointments, our people have taken hold with commendable zeal and pushed forward the preparations for such an event as we have the ability to provide.

Through the town's generous appropriation and the very liberal donations of the people of Bourne and absent friends of the old town, we are able to announce attractions for the 3d

of September of considerable variety and proportions. The people in the several villages of Barnstable have already been made acquainted with the general programme for that day from the large posters already displayed.

I desire in behalf of the joint committees of Sandwich and Bourne, to extend *a cordial invitation* to the people of Barnstable, to participate in these festivities and help us celebrate fittingly the history and memories of two hundred and fifty years. J. E. PRATT, *Secretary.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE SELECTMEN.
Sandwich, Aug. 29.

Teams will not be allowed on the streets through which the procession will move, during the parade, September 3. The explosion of firecrackers, torpedoes, bombs, guns or pistols, on the streets or squares, during the day or evening, is positively forbidden.

CHAS. DILLINGHAM,
BENJ. F. CHAMBERLAIN, } *Selectmen of Sandwich.*
F. H. BURGESS,

Ex-Gov. Long was late in reaching Sandwich, owing to the tracks being blockaded near Quincy.

Mr. Walter G. Hamlen, a local printer, circulated a very attractive advertising sheet which contained the official programme of the day.

Mrs. R. C. Clark had on her piazza as the procession passed a spinning wheel over 150 years old and other articles of interest to those who stopped for inspection.

The State Police as well as the officers from Brockton who were on duty, say that a more orderly crowd is seldom found. Not an arrest was made during the day.

Both the *Boston Globe* and *Boston Herald* in the issue of Sunday, September 1, had lengthy articles, finely illustrated, of a historic character on the old town of Sandwich.

The Governor's staff was represented by Cols. E. H. Woods and A. L. Newman; the Governor's council by Messrs. Keith, Johnson, Fuller and Jewell, and Lieut. Gov. Brackett.

It has been very entertaining to read of the celebrations in the quaint old Cape towns this week. If the world had seen as much of the Cape people as the Cape people have seen of the world they would not have been so much misunderstood. — *Boston Globe.*

Railroad sandwiches are notoriously long lived and correspondingly tough, but Massachusetts has a Sandwich almost 250 years old and as fresh as ever. It will have a grand quarter millenial celebration, in September in which the child it has, Bourne, will take part. — *Brockton Gazette.*

In the afternoon at three o'clock, there was a most exciting game of base ball on the grounds in the rear of the large tent, which was witnessed by a large number, between the Bristols of New Bedford and Athletics of Sandwich. The Athletics were defeated in a score of 6 to 3.

Everybody enjoyed the celebration, particularly the beautiful and unique feature of the Venetian boat carnival on Pleasant Lake in the evening, the prettily lighted boats and the fine pyrotechnic exhibition, presenting a brilliant scene. The road from Plymouth to Sandwich was found to be a terribly hard one to drive over, and there were none who traversed the distance who did not wish for that long contemplated railroad between the two places. — *Plymouth Memorial.*

Cape Cod has town triplets in Barnstable, Yarmouth and Sandwich. They were born on the same day and are each 250 years old. Sandwich and Yarmouth kept open house for all their relations, and there were a right good time with much inspiration of music and eloquence. Barnstable for some reason did not entertain, but contented itself with a great retrospect of the past and the present satisfaction of having a new collector doing business, what there is of it, at the old stand. — *Boston Traveller.*

It is an undisputed fact that the grand ball was the finest and most dressy affair ever held on Cape Cod, or its immediate vicinity. The committee having it in charge are to be congratulated on their success. The electric lights which were furnished by the plant used on the mammoth dredge in the construction of the Cape Cod canal, and kindly loaned by the contractor, Mr. Frederick A. Lockwood were the first ever exhibited on Cape Cod and added very materially to the grandeur of the ball.—[*Falmouth Local.*

A notable incident of the day was the appearance of Miss Ethel Soule, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel P. Soule, of New Bedford, whose wife is a native of Sandwich, as the Goddess of Liberty, in front of the residence of Mrs. J. W. Dalton. She stood under a canopy made of bunting of the national colors and was beautifully draped in the American flag. While the procession passed before her she waved two tiny flags, one the star-spangled banner the other the emblem of Erin. Her youthful appearance captivated the beholders and brought forth from the marching lines salutations and encomiums of praise.—[*The Barnstable County Journal.*

Up from the Cape there have been heard this week harmonious sounds of celebration—the reading of poems, the delivery of addresses and sermons, the singing of songs and the pleasant, congratulatory words of visitors to historical old towns. Across the streets of Sandwich, now more popular than ever in its history, green arches of welcome have given the region a look of unwonted luxuriance of vegetation; in the churches of Yarmouth, have been hung garlands of festivities, and in all the houses of the neighborhood there has been the appearance of especial cheer. The towns of Cape Cod have always appreciated the respectable prestige of ancient settlement. When the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was given its recent grand remembrance, Provincetown was proudly silent in the knowledge that the first visit of the Mayflower to New England was paid to her shores, and that the real landing of the Pilgrims in this country was accomplished upon the sands of the top of Cape Cod. Whether on account of the lack of pretence

shown by Provincetown or because of indifference, the history of the Cape is not known, as it should be, by the rest of the State; and a celebration like that of this week's anniversary serves a useful purpose in showing the character of the past and the condition of the present. The thrift, the industry and the independence of the New England people are nowhere illustrated more effectively than in the towns of Cape Cod, by no means as barren and as poor in giving sustenance as the majority of people believe.—[*Boston Journal.*

During the day there were Band concerts as follows:

Bourne Band,	7.30, Post Office Square.
Middleboro Band,	2.30, Post Office Square.
Hill's Band,	4, Post Office Square.
Bourne Band,	8, near Town Hall.
Sagamore Band,	8, Base Ball Grounds.
Middleboro Band,	7, near Linekin's House.
Bourne Band,	7, opposite R. T. Pope's.

LETTERS.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 10, 1889.

Your letter of the 8th instant, inviting the President to be present on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Sandwich, has been received. He directs me to thank you and the Selectmen for the courtesy of the invitation to attend this very interesting commemoration, but the pressure of public duty will prevent him from doing himself the pleasure of joining with you in the exercises of this day.

Yours Very Truly,

E. W. HALFORD, *Private Secretary.*

MARION, Mass., Aug. 15, 1889.

We are in the midst of packing in readiness to leave here today for Northern New York, where we shall remain until after the date of the Sandwich celebration to which you kindly invited us. This will prevent our acceptance of your courteous invitation, but in behalf of Mrs. Cleveland and for

myself, I desire to thank you for remembering us in connection with this interesting occasion and to assure you that we shall always be glad that we have had a glimpse of your beautiful village. Hoping that your anniversary celebration may be thoroughly enjoyed by all who are fortunate enough to participate. I am Yours Very Truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

BUZZARDS BAY, July 28, 1889.

I am in receipt of your postal announcing my election to a membership on the invitation committee. Believe me that I fully appreciate the honor and only regret that my present engagements will take up all the time I have to spare. I shall however try and be present at this interesting occasion of the 250th anniversary of your incorporation.

Faithfully Yours,

J. JEFFERSON.

BOSTON, Aug. 29, 1889.

I wrote to Mr. Dillingham that I could not be depended upon for an address as I have no data and am not facile in such matters; besides I am suffering from a very severe cold, which leaves me with a bad head and no voice just now. If I feel better I will go to the celebration and say a word if I can think of anything; but if I do not fully recover I can not go at all. However, "I never will be missed," and so here's success to the celebration, whether I am present or not. I am Yours Very Truly,

PATRICK A. COLLINS.

TAUNTON, Mass., Sept. 4, 1889.

Will you have the kindness to express to your committee my congratulations at the grand success of your celebration. Knowing as I do, the anxiety and labor involved, I can appreciate their work and its good results. I am grateful for the courtesy and kindness shown me in my attendance.

Yours Very Truly,

S. HOPKINS EMERY,

President Old Colony Historical Society.

BOSTON. Feb. 21, 1889.

Your favor of the 20th inst. received, and in reply — I have no letters to publish. Everybody came, had a good time, went home happy, and no doubt would like to see and enjoy another 250th anniversary of the old town of Sandwich. I do not care to have my speech incorporated in the report, but I do desire to thank the mother town for the great generosity and courtesy with which she treated her offspring on that occasion and to extend to her a very hearty invitation to the 250th anniversary of her offspring, and to every public occasion to come before that time.

Very truly yours,

ISAAC N. KEITH.

HYANNIS, July 27, 1889.

Yours of today received, I am pleased to learn that the town of Sandwich has decided, to celebrate its Quarter Millennial Anniversary. No one regrets more than myself, that Barnstable, my native town, should have refused, through its committee, to unite with you. I wish to thank the executive committee, for their kind remembrance in making me a member of the committee on literary exercises. While I would be pleased to do what I could to make the celebration a success, I cannot see my way clear to accept. The towns of Sandwich and Bourne have an abundance of material from which to draw for the committee. With my best wishes for the success of the celebration, I enclose my check to assist in defraying the expense. I remain

Yours Truly,

SAMUEL SNOW.

DETROIT, Sept. 9, 1889.

On my return from Europe I find your card with the invitation to the 250 Anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Sandwich, and I beg to explain that the want of courtesy in not answering the same arose solely from my absence from Detroit. Hoping that you had asuccessful and pleasant meeting, believe me

Sincerely Yours,

DEMING JARVES.

ALBURGH SPRINGS, Vt., Aug. 13, 1889.

I thank you for your very urgent and kind invitation to participate in the unusually interesting celebration you mention. It would give me great pleasure to accept, but I am sorry to be compelled to write that I cannot. I have had a sick family all summer about me and just succeeded in getting it out of town to the mountains. I shall not get away from here until the last of the month, and then I have engagements until the last of September. I trust that I shall not be missed in the hosts that will gather at your celebration, and that everything will so transpire as to produce the greatest success and highest enjoyment.

Very Truly Yours,

GEORGE M. STEANS.

WEST NEWTON, Aug. 30, 1889.

Your kind invitation is received with thanks as I return from Maine this A. M. It will give Mrs. Allen and self great pleasure to be present on this interesting occasion and to learn more of the history of the ancient town. Mrs. Allen is the eldest daughter of James Nye Bassett and his wife, Rebecca Freeman, both natives of Sandwich (East Sandwich.) While not a native of Sandwich, I claim a goodly heritage. My mother, Lucy Lane, of Scituate, descending from the Pilgrim stock, and my father, Ellis Allen, of Medfield from the Puritans. Besides having many relatives in your town, there are quite a number of our former students, residents of Sandwich.

Yours Truly,

NATHANIEL T. ALLEN.

BARNSTABLE, Mass., Aug. 31, '89.

I have received your kind invitation. I regret to say that on account of an accident to one of my family, I shall be unable to attend. Please accept my thanks and congratulations on the happy event you celebrate.

Very Truly Yours,

SMITH K. HOPKINS.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Aug. 28, 1889.

It is with regret that I am so much engaged at present to be unable to assemble with you in my beloved birthplace, Sandwich, with my dear relatives, also with my merry comrades of the late war and companions of youth, as well as my good old school teachers. You cannot imagine the merry thoughts of my youthful days that come back to me as I look over the illustration on my card of invite, and how I wish I could join with you and take part in the pleasure of a grand time, that I expect you will have, in a good old town filled with as fine a body of fellowmen, women and children, as ever were born in any town in the Bay State or any other State. Accept my best wishes for pleasant weather and a good time. I wish I could be with you for many reasons. First, to meet my relatives and friends, also to take a look at the graves of my good father and sister now sleeping in your midst. God made him good if not great, and beloved by his fellowmen. Hoping you will remember his good ways while he lived, in behalf of the town's good, I remain a true and loving son of my old town of Sandwich.

DANIEL V. KERN.

NEW BEDFORD, Sept. 2, 1889.

I regret very much my inability to be able to join with your Post and my fellow-townsmen in the grand celebration. Should there be any historical record written upon the celebration, I wish you would see that I have the honor of being the first native born citizen, who volunteered in the war of the Rebellion, enlisted with the New Bedford city Guard in Boston, April 17, 1861, and mustered into service at Fortress Munroe, Va., April 19, 1861.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

GEORGE H. FREEMAN.

BOSTON, Aug. 10, 1889.

Enclosed please find my check for $50. I shall be present with you September 8, if I possibly can.

Yours Truly,

HOWARD W. SPURR.

NEWARK, N. J., August 3, 1889.

Mrs. J. Wolcott Jackson has great pleasure in responding to the call to contribute towards the celebration of old Sandwich, as the families of Nye, Fish, Freeman and Fessenden, from whom she is decended, were all (except the last) residents of the place as early as 1635 or '36, the Fessendens being then at Cambridge, and the Rev. Benjamin Fessenden settling in Sandwich in 1722. As the birthplace of her sister and herself, her parents Capt. Ezra Nye, and Mrs. Nancy Fessenden Nye and of many generations of grandparents, she holds old Sandwich in warm affection and veneration, and wishes to have the names of her children and grandchildren recorded as well as her own, as honoring the memory of a Godly ancestry, who helped to found the present old town. She wishes to subscribe in the name of her sister now in Europe — Mrs. Joseph H. Patten. Mr. Jackson cordially sympathizes in those feelings, and hopes it possible to be present with members of his family, at the coming celebration which may the Lord render eminently successful.

FOXBORO June 26, 1889.

I am glad that Sandwich has decided to celebrate: and you can count on me for $10. when needed. The natural scenery exceeds by far many towns that possibly may be more prosperous but cannot exceed in beauty and grandeur. I trust the celebration will prove a success. I shall endeavor to be present.

Respectfully,

W. B. CROCKER.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 31. 1889.

Your kind invitation was duly received. I could not determine until today whether it would be possible for me to accept your invitation, which I now do. It will afford me great pleasure to be there next Tuesday.

Very Truly Yours,

FRANCIS A. PERRY.

WHEELING, W. Va., Aug. 31, 1889.

I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to participate in the ceremonies attending the celebration of the town of Sandwich. It would give me great pleasure to be with you on this occasion; but other demands on my time, and distance prevent it. My residence in the old town was limited to a few years, but family and business ties still bind me closely to you. I trsut your celebration will be successful beyond anticipation, and be the means of attracting attention to the advantages the town offers, both as a manufacturing and business locality, and also as a most delightful residence at all seasons of the year, but especially in summer. Please apply the enclosed draft on New York, for $10, as my mite toward defraying the expenses of your festivities.

I remain Yours Truly,

GEORGE G. HANNAN.

BOSTON, June 26, 1889.

I shall be happy to contribute in a small way towards the expenses of the occasion. You may assess me for $10. I suppose you will want all sons and daughters to come home on that day, and therefore shall try to be present with my brothers. Yours,

A. B. CROCKER.

Your favor of the 3d inst. duly received, and I am pleased to know how well you are doing in obtaining the money required for the celebration. I am very glad to add my name to the list for $50. Thanking you for the information you have given me, I remain

Very truly yours,

HENRY T. WING.

MARION, Sept. 1, 1889.

Mr. Gilder thanks Mr. Dillingham, of the committee, for the honor of an invitation to the celebration on the 8d of September, and very much regrets that other engagements will prevent his acceptance.

NEW YORK, June 27, 1889.

I am glad there is a movement to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the founding of the town of Sandwich. My ancestor, Edward Dillingham was one of those appointed by the Plymouth Colony to go to Sandwich and lay out the town, and many of his descendants have made Sandwich their home. I shall always be interested in that which affects the welfare of the town, for my early days were spent there, and many loved ones of the past now sleep in the quiet burying ground. I cheerfully subscribe $25. towards defraying the expenses of the celebration, and remain

Yours very truly,

E. C. DILLINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1889.

Your kind invitation to be present at the Quarter Millennial Anniversary of the founding of Sandwich is received. I am very sorry that I cannot arrange to be present, and greatly obliged to your committee for their kind remembrance. Sincerely Yours,

WILLIAM F. DRAPER.

BOSTON, August 9, 1889.

Enclosed find check for $50. I am in hopes that this celebration may be the means of waking up an interest in the town so that it will grow instead of going backward. Shall try to be there September 3.

Yours,

D. C. PERCIVAL.

BOSTON, August 9, 1889.

In answering your circular, I have the pleasure in handing you a check for $50. I intend to be at the celebration and I trust it may prove a very successful affair.

Truly Yours,

D. N. HOLWAY.

BROOKLINE, June 26, 1889.

Please put me down for $10. I trust you will be successful in making the celebration a day to be remembered.

Yours Truly,

NATHAN H. CROCKER.

DONORS — ON PART OF SANDWICH.

Jonathan Bourne,	New Bedford,	$100.00
Ezra C. Dillingham,	New York,	25.00
Henry T. Wing,	"	50.00
Gustavus B. Tobey,	"	25.00
Watson Freeman,	Boston,	50.00
David C. Percival,	"	50.00
David N. Holway,	"	50.00
Howard W. Spurr,	"	50.00
Ariel B. Crocker,	"	10.00
Mitchell Wing,	"	10.00
A. Warren Holway,	"	5.00
E. R. Pope,	"	5.00
T. E. Holway,	"	20.00
James L. Wesson,	"	30.00
Henry A. Belcher,	"	25.00
William H. Keating,	"	10.00
B. E. Fish,	"	5.00
James J. McLaughlin,	"	5.00
George B. Lapham,	"	10.00
John A. McLaughlin,	"	20.00
Frank E. Pope,	"	20.00

Francis V. B. Kern,	"	10.00
Frank H. Foster,	"	3.00
W. A. Foster,	"	15.00
Kendall H. Damon,	"	10.00
Nathan H. Crocker,	Brookline, Mass.,	10.00
W. B. Crocker,	Foxboro, Mass.,	10.00
L. A. Frailey,	Washington, D. C.,	10.00
Mrs. George H. Taber,	Franklin, Pa.,	5.00
Asa S. Wing,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	25.00
George W. Pope,	Chatham, Mass.,	5.00
Henry A. Bourne,	Brooklyn,	25.00
Josiah T. Knowles,	Providence,	15.00
Samuel Snow,	Barnstable,	50.00
Andrew F. Sherman,	"	10.00
Joseph B. Dillingham,	West Chester, Pa.,	50.00
William A. Foster,	Newark, N. J.,	3.00
I. T. Young,	Wellfleet,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. Wolcott Jackson,	Newark, N. J.,	50.00
Mrs. Joseph H. Patten,	"	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Nye Jackson,	"	15.00
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Jackson,	"	15.00
William Fessenden Jackson,	"	10.00
Frederick Wolcott Jackson Jr.,	"	10.00
Charles H. Jackson,	"	10.00
Elizabeth Wolcott Jackson,	"	5.00
Nina Fessenden Jackson,	"	5.00
Oliver Wolcott Jackson,	"	5.00
Martha Nye Jackson,	"	5.00
Nannie Nye Jackson,	"	
Edith Attee Jackson,	"	10.00
Frederick Wolcott Jackson 3d,	"	
George G. Hannon,	Wheeling W. Va.,	10.00
William L. Quinnell,	Springfield,	5.00
J. H. Holway,		10.00

DONORS — ON PART OF BOURNE.

Gustavus F. Swift,	$100.00
Edwin C. Swift,	100.00
Isaac N. Keith,	50.00

C. P. Horton,	50.00
B. B. Abbe,	10.00
W. Allen,	10.00
Nathan Nye,	10.00
Edward B. Burgess,	10.00
A. R. Eldredge,	10.00
A. H. Wood,	10.00
David D. Nye,	7.75
C. Curry,	5.00
M. C. Waterhouse,	5.00
George Bauldry,	5.00
Seth S. Burgess,	5.00
L. Latter,	5.00
James S. Ellis,	5.00
J. T. Handy,	5.00
A. P. Davis,	5.00
E. S. Wood,	5.00
E. B. Phillips,	5.00
A. Hawkins,	5.00
Calvin Crowell,	5.00
George W. Gibbs,	5.00
W. R. Gibbs,	5.00
Hiram T. Keith,	5.00
Crosby Bros, & Co.,	5.00
John P. Knowlton,	5.00
Levi L. Swift,	5.00
Hiram Crowell,	5.00
Hiram E. Crowell,	5.00
Benjamin F. Bray,	5.00
John W. Wedlock,	5.00
Charles H. Burgess, 2d,	5.00
W. Magee,	5.00
S. N. Cudworth,	5.00
A. E. Bates,	3.00
G. H. Richards,	2.00
P. C. Gibbs,	3.00
Lawrence Tucker,	2.00
A. Little,	2.00
George E. Phinney,	2.00
O. R. Swift,	2.00

E. Bourne Nye,	$2.00
George L. Atherton,	2.00
George A. Swift,	2.00
J. D. Wester,	2.00
A. C. Swift,	2.00
F. E. Wright,	2.00

Eben S. Bowman, B. B. Harlow, Osgood L. Small, George T. Perkins, Allen T. Rogers, Emory A. Ellis, N. L. Allen, N. Bourne Ellis, James H. Ashley, Herbert L. Swift, Foster Raymond, J. F. Nightengale, Hiram Nightengale, Edward Holway, Ernest Blackwell, B. L. Blackwell, Seth Holway, Rhoda A. Howard, Levi G. Hathaway, Howard Swift, E. H. Wefer, P. H. Phinney, E. H. Tobey, Alfred Perry, A. Phinney, J. Godfrey, F. F. Greer, J. H. West, W. H. Wing, O. C. Wing, F. Dimmick, each $1.00.

Total, $31.00

William W. Brown, F. R. Nickerson, Phillip A. Rivers, Thomas Murphy, A. T. Hamblin, Henry C. Wright, Henry W. Hunt, Henry B. Ellis, Frederick Blagdon, J. M Covell, C. H. Douglass, Charles Gibbs, Welden S. Pierce, E. R. Ellis, H. R. Ellis, Emma C. Hartford, Mary H. Howard, John L. Gibbs, Stillman R. Ellis, Russell Gibbs Jr., H. Russell Swift, each 50 cents. C. C. Jones, 25 cents.

Total, $10.75

LEGAL VOTERS OF SANDWICH, 1889.

Adams, Isaiah M.
Allen, Jessie F.
Armstrong, David
" John A.
" Robert
" Robert F.
Atkins, Benjamin H.
" James
" Thomas F.
" William
Atwood, Charles H.
Baker, Thomas
Bacon, Edward B.
Bartley, Benjamin G.
Bassett, Charles H.
" James G.
" John B.
" Joseph S.
" Volentine
Bicknell, James S.
Bibber, Edward F.
Black, John
Blackwell, Charles H.
Blake, Davis A.
Bodfish. Francis A.
Bourne, Eugene C.
" Ezra J.
" Sylvanus R.
Boyden, Willard E.
" William P.
Boyle, John
Brady, Edward
" Hugh Jr.
Brailey, S. Frank
Braman, Arthur
Buckley, James
" Michael A.
" Thomas
Burgess, Frank H.
" William B.
Burbank, Frank C.
" George E.
Briggs, Bradford B.
Brown, Peleg T.
Canary, Owen
" John P.
Carlson, John A.
Carleton, Hiram

Carleton, John F.
Carter, Asa
Cheval, Alfred L.
Chadwick, James M.
Chamberlain, Benj. F.
" Leander F.
" Leander S.
Chapouil, Anthony
" Charles H.
Chessman, Daniel F.
Chipman, George N.
" Isaac K.
" Stephen S.
" Thomas H.
" Herbert L.
" William C.
Clark, Fletcher
" Robert
" Robert C.
Clinton, Thomas F.
Coffee, Michael
Covell, Benjamin W.
Crocker, Charles F.
" Justus H.
" Laban P.
" James W.
Craven, Thomas
Crowell, Warren
Cunningham, John F.
Curran, Edward J.
Cozzens, George
Creech, William J.
Dalton, James H.
" John W.
" William
Dean, Henry F.
" Thomas F.
Delano, Marcus F.
Denson, Benjamin F.
" William F.
Dillingham, Alfred E.
" Charles
Donovan, Charles H.
" Cornelius
" Cornelius 2d
" Dennis
" Patrick
" John
Drew, George P.
Duley, Herbert M.
Eaton, William
Ellis, Charles
" Charles H. B.
" Charles G.
" H. G. O.
" Frank O.
" John C. C.
" Seth O.
Eldred, Frederick C.
Ewer, Benjamin
" Benjamin 2d,
" Benjamin F.
" John
" Joseph
Faunce, Joshua T.
" Robert T.
Fessenden, Nathaniel
" Samuel
Fish, Albert F.
" Chipman
" Edwin O.
" Benjamin W.
" Ephraim
" Frank A.
" Frederick A.
" Henry W.
" Isaiah
" James M.
" Joseph L.
" George R.

Fish, Nathaniel H.
" Nelson W.
" Roland J.
" Russell
" Silas
" Thomas R.
" William C.
French, Louis H. W.
Foster, Cyrus L.
" John D.
" Fifield, William W.
Fuller, Charles C.
" Clifton M.
" Edward A.
" James O.
" Robert R.
Gaffney, Andrew
Gibbs, Charles F.
" Martin T.
" William H. Jr.
" Herbert C.
" William H.
Goodspeed, Henry W.
" James L.
Gray, Henry H.
Gustin, Lucien
Haines, Edward
" Eugene W.
" George L.
Hall, Joshua
" Joshua A.
" Joseph B.
Hamlen, Benjamin H.
" Ezra G.
" Walter G.
Harrison, Joseph
Hancock, Elijah
Hartwell, George
Heald, Hiram H.
" William H.
Heffernan, Edward
" James F.
Harlow, Andrew
Hargreaves, James
" William P.
" Seth A.
Hilliard, Daniel F.
" Daniel W.
Hillman, Uno H.
Holway, Augustus
" Barnabas
" Frederick N.
" Francis W.
" Francis R.
" Herbert E.
" Isaac W.
" John A.
" Joshua E.
Howland, Edward B.
" Frank L.
" Freeman H.
" Gustavus
" Joseph
" Orrin H.
" Oscar
" Nelson
" Silas J.
Hobson, John
Higgins, Andrew
Horan, James
" James Jr.
Hoxie, Charles A.
" David A.
" Edward
" George F.
" Henry F.
" Henry P.
" Isaac
" Joseph
" Lyman P.

Hoxie, Nathaniel C,
" Robert B.
" Sylvanus S.
Hunt, Samuel W.
Humphrey, John
Ingraham, James E.
Irwin, Benjamin
Jackson, Hezekiah S. J. R.
Jennings, John
Jenkins, Harrison G.
Jones, Azariah W.
" Charles M.
" Cyrus C.
" Edwin M.
" Francis F.
" Isaiah T.
" Lombard C.
" Seth N.
" Stephen M.
" Seth P.
Keenan, James
" James Jr.
Kellehar, James H.
" John
" William
Kenney, Edward A.
Kennard, John
Landers, Abraham H.
" Harrison T.
" Joseph
Lapham, Charles H.
" Charles W.
" George F.
" Joseph H.
" William F.
Larkin, Lawrence
" John
Lawrence, James L.
Linnehan, Patrick
Lloyd, James D.
Lovell, Allen H.
" Benjamin W.
" Charles W.
" Benjamin
" James A.
Lovejoy, George W.
Linekin, Nathaniel C.
Lutz, Nicholas
Macy, Charles H.
" Robert
Martin, John
Mahoney, Patrick F.
McArdle, John
" John T.
" Joseph B.
McLaney, Thomas
McLaughlin, George T.
McNamee, John H.
McParlin, Daniel
McCann, John
McHugh, Francis
Meiggs, Edmund
" Charles W. H.
" George W.
" William H.
Miller, John Q.
Milliken, Charles
Montague, Thomas
" Michael
Morse, Sanford I.
" Simeon Jr.
Murphy, Francis
" Thomas
Murray, John Jr.
Muldoon, Christopher
Mullor, Friedman
McElroy, Patrick
McDermott, Thomas
Newcomb, Josiah S.
" Josiah S. Jr.

Newcomb, Thomas G.
Nichols, Edward
Norris, Benjamin
Nye, Franklin
" George B.
" Heman
" John P.
" Levi S.
" Samuel H.
" Stephen B.
" William E.
" William L.
Omans, Jonathan A.
Parks, James P.
" Eleazer P.
Perry, Edgar W.
" James F.
" John M.
Peroetie Eugene
Percival, Ephraim C.
" Horace
" John
Phinney, Owen
Pierce, Frederick E.
Pope, Agustus R.
" Charles E.
" Charles T.
" Ezra T.
" Ezra T. Jr.
" Frederick S.
" George W.
" Robert T.
Pratt, Ambrose E.
" John E.
Powers, Thomas
Quinn, Charles
Rasmuslew, Christian
Robinson, Phillip H.
" Sylvanus D.
Rogers, George W.
Rogers, Irving F.
Roos, Axel
Rosenburg, Peter
Russell, Henry
Sherman, Andrew F. Jr.,
Shevlin, James
" Phillip
Shuester, George A.
Smith, Ezra N.
" John S.
" Matthias
" William
Spurr, Henry F.
" Henry F. Jr.
Stevens, Ezra C.
" John H.
Stever, J. Charles
Soule, James
Swanzey, John
" Peter
Swift, Edgar W.
" George W.
Southworth, Amory C.
Southack, Theodore L.
Swann, Edward J.
Sullivan, John H.
Tinkham, Frank M.
" Micah
" John W.
Tobey, Ansel
" Nathan L.
" Thomas H.
" Watson F.
" Watson F. Jr.
" Robert
Terry, George H.
Thompson, Charles M.
" Thomas E.
Thwing, James H.
Tupper, Robert H.

Tupper, Russell E.
Voden, John B.
Vessel, Thomas
Waterman, Allan T.
Wares, William H.
Weeks, George H.
" John T.
Welch, Charles
" Charles E.
White, George E.
Whittemore, Ebenezer S.
Whelan, Edward
Wing, Azariah
" Alvin P.
Wing, Joseph 2d,
" Joseph
" Paul
" George S.
" Seth B.
" Stephen R.
Woods, Francis
Woodwell, William H.
Whitcomb, C. T. C.
Wright, Charles E.
" Joseph
" Jonathan K.
" Zenas W.
" Zenas W. Jr.
Wright, Robert

LEGAL VOTERS OF BOURNE, 1889.

Abbe, Benjamin
" Benjamin Jr.
Adams, Benjamin F.
" Thomas F.
Allen, Nathaniel
" Washington
Aldrich, Abbott L.
Ames, Herbert C.
" Franklin N.
" Laureston E.
Ashley, James E.
Atherton, George L.
Ashport, Frank
Atwood, Nathaniel
" Solomon S.
Avery, Elmer E.
" George W.
" Warren B.
" Zemira J.
Bacon, George
Baker, David H.
" Henry
Bauldry George F.
Baker, Hiram F.
Baker, James W.
" Joshua H.
" Lorenzo
Bassett, Stillman C.
Bates, Andrew E.
Beal, Nathan G.
" Walter G.
Bell, Alexander
Berry, Charles F.
" Everett E.
" Gideon
" Isaac H.
Blackwell, Benj. L.
" Edwin A.
" Elliot B.
" Ellis H.
Blackwell Ezra
" Russell
" William R.
Blagden, Daniel S.
" Fred P.
Bourne, Alfred W.
" Alexander
" Augustus

Bourne, Benjamin F.
" George
" John
" Jerome L.
" Samuel
" Shadrack
" William W.
Burgess, Aaron L.
" Charles H. 2d.
" Edmund C.
" Edward H.
" Elisha H.
" Everett B.
" Frederick H.
" Nathaniel
" Reuben L.
" Robert W.
" Stephen S.
" Seth S.
Bullen, Henry S.
Burr, Buchannan
Booth, Alonzo E.
" Wilder
Bowman, Eben S.
Bradlee, Frederick W.
Bray, Benjamin F.
Bosworth, Frederick A.
Briggs, George I.
" Jedediah
Butler, Patrick F.
Baldwin, Henry A.
Barlow, Edward W.
" Jesse
" Jesse B.
" Jesse F.
" William A.
" William F.
Battles, Alexander G.
" Eben D.
" Joshua G.

Cahoon, Alphonzo F.
" Nathan W.
Cash, Joshua G.
Chadwick, Francis E.
Chamberlayne, Charles F.
" Nathan H.
Chase, Bradford
" Joshua H.
Chester, Henry W.
Claybrook, Robert J.
Clement, William H.
" William T.
Collins, Alonzo O.
" Reuben P.
Copeland, Frederick W.
Cook, Charles H.
Crowell, Calvin
" Hiram
" Hiram E.
Covill, Benjamin S.
" John M.
Davis, Alden P.
Dimmock, Edward C.
" Frederick
" Joseph
" Joseph F.
Doane, Francis L.
" Winfield S.
Douglas, Charles E.
" Luther
Dunn, Federick J.
" John S.
Edwards, Ansel
" David H.
Eldredge, Albert R.
" Cyrenus
" Ferdinand B.
" Franklin C.
" Horatio
" Joseph M.

Eldredge Oliver H.
" Prince
Ellis, Andrew F.
" David W. O.
" Elisha J.
" Emery A.
" Eugene R.
" Henry B.
" Henry R.
" James S.
" Nathan B.
" Stillman R.
" Stephen G. F.
" Warren D.
" Winfield E.
Fish, Ansel W.
" James A.
Flocken, Lewis F.
Fuller, Thomas A.
Gammons, John G.
Gibbs, Ansel
" Alexander
" Arthur H.
" Charles A.
" Emery P.
" Edward S.
" Frank H.
" George F.
" George W.
" Henry
" James C.
" Jarvis C.
" Oscar F.
" Paul C.
" Phineas
" Phineas Jr.
" Russell
" Russell Jr.
" Lafayette
" William C.
Gibbs, William R.
" William R. Jr.
Gidley, William A.
Gifford, Albert B.
" Daniel S.
" William M.
Godfrey, Josiah
Green, Henry C.
Greer, Frederick F.
Gilbiaioh, Benjamin
Griffen, Frederick
Hammond, Charles F.
" Harry B.
" Robert C.
Hawkins, Albert
Hall, Charles F.
" Charles F. Jr.
" George W.
Harmon, Persia B.
Harris, Calvin H.
" Elisha F.
" Russell F.
Henshaw, Frank S. H.
Hamlin, Charles W.
" Stephen D.
" William H.
Hill, Samuel P.
Handy, George R.
" Henry T.
" Francis D.
" James T.
" Phliney B.
" Sylvanus E.
Hanly, Charles C.
Hathaway, Alexander J.
" Joseph T.
" Levi G.
Howe, Albert
Harlow, Benjamin B.
Hewins, Joseph S.

Holmes, Robert R.
Horton, Charles P.
Holway, Seth W.
" George
Howard, Charles F.
Hurst, Frederick A.
Hinds, Heman S.
Jackson, Christopher
Jones, Charles C.
Jameson, Edward T.
Keene, Abraham
" Frank G.
" Warren P.
" Walton E.
Keith, Hiram T.
" Isaac N.
Knowlton, John P.
" Natt H.
Kimber, James W.
Kendrick, Charles E.
" Freeman H.
" George A.
" Warren Jr.
" Warren
Landers, Alonzo S.
" David
" Samuel H.
Latter, Leonard
Lawrence, Reuben W.
Leavitt, Levi R.
Lee, Daniel
Lindall, Edward E.
Little, Anthony
Lovell, Reuben P.
Lumbert, Ansel
McAllister, Oren A.
Magoon, Davis A.
Mahurin, William H.
Manimon, Barzilla
" Charles H.
Marsh, Charles W.
Marvel, Amos F.
Maxim, Seth S.
Nickerson, Alexander
Nightengale, Benj. B.
" Joseph F.
" Hiram B.
Norris, Joel W.
" Mark C.
" William S.
Nye, David D.
" Ebenezer
" Ebenezer B.
" Nathan
" William A.
Packard, Henry G.
" Harry W.
" John C.
" William E.
Parker, Calvin
" Erastus O.
" John H.
Perkins, George T.
Perry, Andrew J.
" Alfred L.
" Andrew F.
" Davis
" Edward H.
" Edwin H.
" Freeman A.
" George W.
" Hiram L.
Perry, Harry E.
" Henry
" John M.
" John F.
" Nathan C.
" Osmond L.
" Silas
" Salathiel H.

Perry, William H. H.
" William E. C.
" Wallace J.
Phinney, Abraham
" Levi L.
" Perez H.
" John B.
" George E.
" Jesse F.
" John A.
" Roswell B.
" Sylvester O.
" William W.
Plumley, Thomas D.
Peirce, Gamaliel W.
" Wesley B.
" William F.
" William F. Jr.
" Welden S.
Pope, Clarence E.
Quilty, Jeffrey
Raleigh, Charles S.
Reynolds, William F.
Raymond, Asa
" Adell H.
" Isaiah
" Frank
" James F.
" James N.
" Lewis C,
" Robert H.
" Walton F.
" William H.
Redding, Seth H.
Rogers, Allen T.
" James C.
Robinson, Edmund B.
" Edmund B. Jr.
Robbins, John E.
Ryder, Hiram
Ryder, George T. 2d
" Robert J.
" Stillman S.
Savery, Levi S.
Small, Isaac Jr.
Smally, Charles G.
Smith, Frederick O.
" Watson C.
Stevens, Edward H.
" Isaac
Stilphin, Francis G.
Stackpole, William
Swift, Aaron C.
" Abraham F.
" Benjamin E.
" Charles D.
" Charles E.
" Edward H.
" George W.
" George A.
" Herbert L.
" Henry R.
" Howard
" Francis C.
" Levi L.
" Levi
" Noble P.
" Major A.
" Ordello R.
" Seth F.
" Shadrack F.
" Stephen N.
Swift, Ward F.
" Wayman S.
" William E.
" William F.
Taylor, John H.
Thompson, Eugene L.
Tobias, Ebenezer F.
" Joseph

Tobias, Wayman
Tobey, Elisha H.
Tribou, Daniel W.
Travers, James P.
Vincent, Andrew J.
Waterhouse, Moses C.
Weeks, Ebenezer F.
" Henry W.
" Amiel C.
Wedlock, John W.
Welch, Josiah N.
West, James H.
Whipple, John C.
White, Francis B.
Wefer, Eliot
Wicks, Asaph S.
Williams, James E.
Wing, Alvin
" Oliver C.
" John C. E.
" Nathaniel
" Walter H.
" William H.
Woods, Thomas K.
Wright, Andrew M.
" Augustus W.
" Frederick E.
" Henry C.
" Preston A.
" Noah H.
" Stillman B.
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